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and

THE ATHENÆUM

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1922.

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Reviews.

CHARLES DE COSTER.

The Legend of Ulenspiegel. By CHARLES DE COSTER. Translated by F. M. ATKINSON. Two vols. (Heinemann. 30s.)

WHEN Charles de Coster died rather more than forty years ago, his name was scarcely known, except by a few enthusiasts in France and Belgium, and his masterpiece, of which this is the first complete translation, had received little of the praise which was its due. Even now, "The Legend of Ulenspiegel" has been appreciated with more zeal than understanding. The more accidental qualities of the book—its derivative form, its adoption of our old friend Owl-glass as its hero, its apparent approximation in spirit to such picaresque romances as "Simplicissimus," or even "Gil Blas"—have obscured its splendid and individual genius. Charles de Coster was no mere antiquary, and his book is not a laborious and faithful following of Rabelais or Grimmelshausen. He was a modernist—as modern as Verhaeren, who, with him, is the chief glory of Belgian literature; and if we are to find any parallel to his romance we should do better to look at such a book as "The Cloister and the Hearth," whose author displayed a similar genius for recreating the past and making his characters as passionate and vivid as any figures of his own day.

There is no need to enlarge on the fact that de Coster's hero is ostensibly borrowed from the old German fables. His reason for choosing Ulenspiegel as the hero of his national romance was obvious: the legend of the great jester's return made him a suitable symbol of the continued rebirth of the Flemish nation. There are a few episodes in the book where, in deference to the traditional Ulenspiegel, de Coster finds suitable merry japes for his hero—but these lightnesses only seem to increase the tragic impressiveness of one of the most tragic romances in European literature. The period of de Coster's story is the period when the wickedness of Charles and Philip was trying to break the faith and the hope of the people of the Low Countries; it is a world of torture, of bribery, of intolerable suspicion, of the basest treachery, of the highest heroism. It is the time when William the Silent and the immortal Beggars begin to push Spain out of their borders; a time when, in their desperation and misery, men and women turn to hell for comfort, and so add to the horror of war the terror of witchcraft. Although "Tyl Ulenspiegel," in a sense, derives from Rabelais in form, it is much less casual, less opulent if you like, less carelessly exuberant than the story of Pantagruel and Panurge; and it has, if you look at it as a whole, a subtle form of its own. At irregular intervals throughout the tale, after you have heard of Ulenspiegel suffering, fighting, laughing, weeping, or drinking, de Coster gives his reader a chapter which describes soberly, bitterly, with cold determination, and a personal ferocity, the doings of Charles the Emperor, or Philip his son. Nothing is more difficult, when you are writing a popular romance, than to give due prominence to the effect on the people of the schemes, the characters and the wickedness of rulers. De Coster, by this device, continuously keeps us reminded that, while Ulenspiegel and his friend Lamme are jesting or working, there lives far off, in morose cruelty, one whose idle thoughts and deeper machinations may divert their lives, and the lives of Nele, his beloved, and of his parents, and of Katheline, the poor witch. All through the book you have portrayed the contrast between the genius of Ulenspiegel, of freedom, of joy, of common goodness, and the genius of Philip, of tyranny, of morbid melancholy, of bigotry. The power of de Coster's style is shown in this

passage about young Philip as he was found by his father and his governor:—

"They came at last to a kind of closet, unpaved, and lit by a skylight. There they saw stuck in the earth a post to which was fastened by the waist a pretty little tiny monkey, that had been sent to His Highness from the Indies to delight him with its youthful antics. At the foot of the stake, faggots, still red, were smoking, and in the closet there was a foul stench of burnt hair. The little beast had suffered so much, dying on this fire, that its little body seemed to be, not an animal that had ever had life, but a fragment of some wrinkled, twisted root; and on its mouth, open as though to cry out in death, bloody foam was visible, and the water of its tears made its face wet. . . . There was heard a low, little sound of a cough that came from a corner in the shadow behind them. His Majesty, turning about, perceived the Infante Philip, all clad in black and sucking a lemon."

In his reconstruction of the past de Coster is greater than was Charles Reade; because, while he shares all Reade's flaming passion against cruelty and injustice, he does not indulge in that personal prejudice which sometimes forces one to sympathize with what Reade attacks, because the prosecution catches something of the bigotry and intolerance of what it is attacking. Although the bias of "Ulenspiegel" is, as it should be historically, anti-Roman and anti-Spanish, that is only because its author detests cruelty and tyranny—he lifts his subject into the region where truth matters more than its form, and loyalty to life more than any other loyalty; he is completely free from the spirit which finds joy or glory in war, and his book is as great a document against militarism as is "Simplicissimus." His imaginative tolerance, his sympathetic understanding of his period, is perhaps best shown in the portrait of Katheline, the witch. We do not think there is anything in literature which makes the witch-mania of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries so credible. Katheline is a midwife, a gentle sorceress, a woman with second sight and full of superstitions. She also cured cattle. A cow she is treating dies, and the animal's owner has Katheline prosecuted for exercising the black art. Under the torture she goes mad. Thereafter she haunts the book: in her madness she believes she is a witch, and her belief is encouraged by a man who persuades her to steal, and fills her crazed brain with the current ridiculous and terrible lore of witchcraft. In the account of her final trial and death de Coster's grim power is seen at its height; and its horror is only increased by the tenderness with which he tells us of Nele's care for the old woman.

It would be false to de Coster's spirit to over-emphasize the tragic aspect of his book. Though it is a tragedy, it is one in form rather than in spirit; for even the hardest and most heinous things are told in a spirit of hope, with a firm conviction that Ulenspiegel, the soul of Flanders, can never be killed. And in true loyalty to the spirit of Flanders de Coster made many parts of his book merry, and, in particular, he gives to Ulenspiegel a companion—Lamme—a kind of Flemish Falstaff. To Lamme it is given to present the plain man's view of war:—

"I say that we are mad, you and I, Ulenspiegel, to wear out our eyes for all the princes and great ones of the earth, who would laugh loudly at us if they saw us dying of weariness, losing our sleep to furnish up arms and cast bullets for their service while they drink French wines from golden tankards and eat German capons from dishes of English pewter; . . . they . . . who are neither Reformed, nor Calvinists, nor Lutherans, nor Catholics, but sceptics and doubters entirely, will buy or conquer principalities, will devour the wealth of the monks, abbeys, and convents, and will have all; virgins, wives, matrons, and harlots, and will drink from their golden cups to their perpetual jollity, and to our everlasting foolishness, simplicity, and idiocy . . . we are killing ourselves here for them, without sleep, without eating, and without drinking. And when we shall be dead they will fetch our carrion a kick and say to our mothers: 'Make us more of these; this lot can do us no more service now.'"

Lamme is wandering in search of his wife, who has been persuaded by a friar to cheat her husband of his happiness; throughout the book he stands for that determined acknowledgment of the value of material things which is so often combined, in the Flemish genius, with a deep mysticism. No other European nation has had mystics whose philosophy was so strongly grounded in the facts of nature and of common humanity; and throughout his story de Coster never allows us to forget that a patriotism or a philosophy which does not aim at the securing of comfort and peace for the common people has no right to demand from hem loyalty to passion and to vision.

Mr. Atkinson's translation is a sound, serviceable piece of work; but he does not display so acute a sense of style as did Mr. Geoffrey Whitworth in his abridged version, published four years ago. The greatest fault of this edition is, however, the complete absence of any biographical or bibliographical material. Mr. Atkinson does not even tell us whether his version is from the original edition—the illustrations of which might well have been reproduced—or from the modern French version published some years after de Coster's death. It is pity that the book should be sent out in this bare fashion, as not a little of its interest, and much of its appeal to English readers, lies in the position of de Coster as the father of modern Belgian literature, and of his book as the national epic of the new Belgium.

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Kai Lung's Golden Hours. By ERNEST BRAMAH. With a Preface by HILAIRE BELLOC. (Grant Richards. 7s. 6d.)

To every man his own eternity. "Why should it be immense?" said Svidrigailoff in "Crime and Punishment." "Why not a small room, a bath-room, for instance, with spiders? It would be, if I had my way."

"Where congregations ne'er break up
And Sabbaths never end,"

said Dr. Watts, of his way. To a feeble folk, it is where Dr. Johnson folds immutable legs beneath the dinner tables of eternity, and never has his talk out; where the Vapians nightly pass the equinoctial of Queubus; where Petronius Arbiter, who cheered his last moments by ordering the breaking of a blue vase which Nero had always hankered after, writes a really intimate life of that Emperor as the amateur artist, and Anatole France a novel about Petronius; Professor Saintsbury embarks on his "History of Wine" and the "infinite research" involved therein, with a constitution so divinely renewed that he faces with equanimity the drinking of "more good wine than would now be good for my pocket, or perhaps even my health, and more bad than I could contemplate without dismay in my declining years," and meantime pursues left-handedly his translation of the Vulgate "Arthur"; where Stevenson writes three more chapters of "Weir of Hermiston," yet leaves it still a fragment; and Lytton Strachey publishes the "Life and Letters of Benjamin Jowett, Master of Balliol," with illustrations by Max Beerbohm. It is a good heaven, if a trifle literary; and in one section of it Kai Lung tells the tale of the peerless Princess Taik and the noble minstrel Ch'eng, who, to regain her presence, chained his wrist to a passing star and was carried into the Assembly of the Gods.

"Is it," inquired the maiden, with an agreeable glance towards the opportune recumbence of a fallen tree, "is it a narration that would lie within the passage of the sun from one branch of this willow to another?"

"Adequately set forth, the history of the Princess Taik and of the virtuous youth occupies all the energies of an agile story-teller for seven weeks," replied Kai Lung. "There is a much flattened version which may be compressed within the narrow limits of a single day and night, but even that requires for certain of the more moving passages the accompaniment of a powerful drum or a hollow wooden fish."

After this, what need is there of further witness? Kai Lung has but to open his mouth, and his most hardened reviewer listens like a three-year child. He sat before a *lit de justice* beside which the nuptial couch of Scheherazade was secure, around him instruments of pounding, pressing, slicing, and "other forms of vigorous justice," while below him the witnesses clustered upon the opium floor, ready to testify to whatever was required; and he beguiled the

countenance of the mandarin Shan Tien, even as he now beguiles us. We sit in rows before him, like the rabbits at the piping of Sir Orfeo. What he says matters not at all; it is the way he says it. Moons and civilizations have waned and waxed in the slow distilling of that style; it is a compound of many simples, themselves not simple, the grand manner of the eighteenth century, the naïveté of a medieval bestiary, with, for solvent, a gentle sleepless malice that mocks two hemispheres in a single jest. "The quiet duck puts his foot upon the unobservant worm," for instance; contrast the squawking, rushing greed of our own early bird with that suave dignity. If this be representative Chinese prose, no wonder that the governor Han Yu was able to rid his province of a large and pestiferous crocodile by addressing to it a written censure, committed to the river along with a pig and a goat. Would that Jaques could have visited the cave of that convertite!

For the matter, there is the story of how Wei Chang inadvertently sat upon a porcelain plate of which the colors were not dry, and so discovered the art of printing in color; he had seven sons, all of whom in turn became experts in the process, until, some centuries later, it was realized that there were other ways of transferring design than by the seat of the trousers—of the altercation between the merchant Wong Pao and the wandering poet who reclined in his gateway, singing ballads of ancient valor and from time to time beating the image of a sonorous wooden duck; how Chang Tao learned the essential mark of distinction between women and dragons, before wedlock, yet grew to doubt his judgment afterwards; how a docile insect with a lustre in its tail, hereinafter called the Luminous Insect, assisted the poor scholar Lao Ting in his study of classic authors; how the illimitable N'guk wakened in his musk-scented heaven and found himself not the deity he was even 10,000 cycles ago; how Yuen Yan was forced to abandon his profession of leading blind mendicants into the shops of those who might reasonably pay to be rid of their presence by the rivalry of Ho, who was liable, in face of refusal, to roll upon the more fragile articles and become demoniacally possessed upon the floor, whereas Yuen Yan's most violent expedient "did not go beyond marshalling his company of suppliants in an orderly row upon the shop-floor, where they sang in unison a composed chant extolling the fruits of munificence and setting forth the evil plight which would certainly attend the flinty-stomached in the Upper Air"; of the poem "Concerning Spring," composed by the Emperor Kong-hi in nineteen thousand lines of such efficacy that, although the snow lay deep at the time, several bystanders agreed that an azalea bush within hearing came into blossom at the eighty-seventh verse. But who shall make choice among them? "Is it possible," asked the infirm astrologer, in reply to a similar question from the aforesaid Emperor, "to suspend topaz in one cup of the balance and weigh it against amethyst in the other: or who, in a single language, can compare the tranquillizing grace of a maiden with the invigorating pleasure of watching a well-contested rat-fight?"

"Are there many stories," asked the maiden, "known to your retentive mind?" "In one form or another, all that exist are within my mental grasp," replied Kai Lung, modestly. "We believe it: yet would fain abide the proof. It is a long time since Kai Lung last shook out his wallet; between the first sounding of the sonorous wooden duck and this are twenty-two years. Another twenty-two, and of those who obeyed the first summons, even perhaps the second, how many shall in the course of nature hear the third? Kai Lung himself is immortal, albeit we leave him, like the lesser deity Ning, with his feet entangled in a mesh of hair; but for us—he has himself presaged our destiny. Some—doubtless the journalists and the reviewers and all who live shrill and ephemeral lives—will be reborn as agile grasshoppers; some, unspecified, will sport in the similitude of a yellow goat; leisurely-minded public officials will pace as tortoises. It will be too late then, Kai Lung; still wouldst thou sing and we have ears in vain. Once, to one rudely questioning his occupation, he professed his willingness to relate his most recently acquired story, that entitled "Wu-Yong; or, The Politely Inquiring Stranger"; but the offer was thrust ungracefully aside. Repeat that offer, O Kai Lung, while Hwa Mei, more often called from the nature of her charm the Golden Mouse, prepares the evening rice.

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THE HEAD-HUNTERS.

Among the Head-Hunters of Formosa. By JANET B. MONTGOMERY McGOVERN. (Fisher Unwin. 15s.)

Mrs. McGovern has chosen to write a popular rather than a technical book. She does not talk of "the culture complex" among the aborigines. Nor have we any evidence that she carried about with her instruments for the measurement of heads. Heads in plenty would have been hers for the asking, whether on the living frame or on the shelf. We make no doubt that any of these Formosan cavaliers would have brought her in a new trophy to carry away, if she had so much as expressed a wish for it. For she moved among these people as a goddess. The story of her entry into their circle, which she tells with modest humor, laying no stress on the danger or hardships, is really a great romance. She came to them literally out of the sea, borne on the back of one of their chiefs. She had dropped into his arms from a ladder on a Japanese coasting steamer in a storm, when a crest of a wave brought the canoe sufficiently near for her to take the leap, and had been deposited with her small bag at the bottom of the boat. The canoe, as was expected, was swamped by the waves, and the chief swam ashore with the first white woman on his back he or his tribe had ever set eyes on; the other aborigine rescued the small bag, securing the handle with his teeth. Thus she appeared to the tribes of the South; it was the long-delayed advent of the goddess of the sea, who had come to them at last in response to their offerings.

Such was Mrs. McGovern's first appearance among the head-hunters. By an odd recurrence of chance her next visitation was also in the nature of a miracle. Again she came out of the water, but this time it was from a river and not the sea. It was a wintry scene in the mountains of the North, flurries of snow and grey mist, and she had lost her way. Her Formosan-Chinese guide and coolie was carrying her across a torrent, when he dropped her precipitately into the icy water and shrank cowering in terror behind a rock. "'Light of Heaven,' the man explained, half-numbed with fright and cold, 'a head-cutter—there.' I heard a movement in the bushes. I looked up . . . I saw. Now our heads must surely go. As it was with our fathers . . ." The end of it was that Mrs. McGovern changed horses in mid-stream. Again she arrived pick-a-back. This time the head-hunter deposited her, a very benumbed and bedraggled goddess, by a camp fire under a great tree. Both men and women fell on their faces, and some of the children fled shrieking in terror.

It is not easy to establish contact with the Formosan aborigines. The Japanese, as may be imagined, are non-conductors, and the net of official inhibition is difficult to break through. When Mrs. McGovern was offered an appointment as a teacher of English in the Government school in Taihoku, the authorities believed that she would devote her leisure to attending tea-parties at the houses of the missionaries in the city. She was advised by her Director that if she wanted more exercise than other ladies she should play "tennis ball" on the school grounds. She was warned, too, that gossip would attribute an immoral motive to her excursions. One admires Mrs. McGovern's circumvention of "the hydra-headed they" no less than her trusting courage in committing herself to the head-hunters. We can imagine that a higher degree of tenacity was demanded of her in disengaging herself from that Japanese skipper—he has our sympathies—than in clinging to her aboriginal Leander's back. Her difficulties, as it proved, were all in the approach. And we can understand the bureaucratic discouragement. The Japanese official, his system of administration being what it is, is naturally a bit of an obscurantist. If he reads Mrs. McGovern's book, as we hope he will, he will be sorry that her movements were not more efficiently circumscribed.

The Formosan head-hunter has an unhappy history. The evils of Empire are a commonplace in the West, but the conditions of subject races under Asiatic imperialism leave more to be desired. The Belgian régime in the Congo was sentimental and humanitarian compared to that of the Chinese in Formosa, who, if all reports and records, including their own, are true, treated the aboriginal population with systematic cruelty and ruthless greed. "Sometimes by wholesale slaughter, sometimes by fraud and cun-

ning, the Chinese gradually pushed the aborigines back into the central mountain range, or, as the Japanese to-day are doing, confined them to the sterile, ill-watered sea coast, and thus gained for themselves possession of the whole of the broad, level, western sea-board." The Japanese inherited the island at the close of the Sino-Japanese War (1895), but according to Mrs. McGovern the well-being, or the reverse, of the aborigines has been little affected by the change of masters. The Golden Age of Formosa was during the Dutch Protectorate in the first half of the seventeenth century. The reverence for the just, kind white people has been handed down as a sacred tradition among the aborigines ever since. And this explains the reception of Mrs. McGovern by the camp fire under the great tree. Here the spirits of "the great white fathers of long ago" were supposed to dwell. She was hailed as an incarnation. Among a matriarchal people it would not seem strange that the ghost of one of these good Dutchmen should choose to descend among them in a woman's form.

We like Mrs. McGovern's head-hunters. Her sympathy is contagious, and we are able to share her respect for their code. And why not include head-hunting under the head of "social organization"? After all, as Mrs. McGovern observes, what is war between "civilized races" except head-hunting on a grand scale, only with the accompanying mangling and gassing and other horrors of which the aborigine knows nothing? To a tolerant mind the custom is easily associated with chivalry. The Formosan aborigine, we are told, never seeks private vengeance, whatever the provocation, on one of his fellow-tribesmen. "Moreover, head-hunting is regulated by a code as rigid as the code of 'an officer and a gentleman' in so-called 'civilized society'—and is rather less frequently broken." The simple, honest, manly communal life of the head-hunters is contrasted with the ugly, unctuous, sophisticated manners and code of their Oriental neighbors. Mrs. McGovern is not on the side of civilization as it has evolved in the Far East; one feels sometimes she is not on the side of civilization at all. She does not state so much, but the conviction is implicit. Among these children of nature none of our sophisticated precautions against avarice, lust, or uncharitableness are needed; such evils do not exist. Locks and keys are unheard of where nobody steals, as are calculated provisions against accident or destitution, where it is taken as a matter of course that all should be cared for alike. Mrs. McGovern tried to explain our economic system to her hosts, but the idea that one should receive more than another, unless that other had by misconduct forfeited his share, could not be understood.

The idyllic picture recalls certain of Rousseau's catch-words, but Mrs. McGovern reminds us that for the philosopher who leaves his children on doorsteps and breaks the marriage vow, primitive society is not the place. It seems that in our standards of charity, chastity, and truthfulness, we in the West lag far behind. A broken promise is as unheard of among the Formosan aborigines as prostitution. Mrs. McGovern makes such a good case for the higher morality of her head-hunters that we return to her photograph of the village skull-shelf, which appeared a little grisly at first sight, with an emotion akin to sympathy. We are sorry for the young man without a trophy; no head, no wife. We fancy we detect in Mrs. McGovern a regret that head-hunting is in its decadence. Among the more degenerate aborigines it is a vanishing sport; in their sacrifices some of the tribes have fallen to the substitution of a monkey for a man. It is a sad sign of degeneracy, too, that among the Paiwan the successful hunter of game receives almost the same honors as used to be paid to the hunter of heads.

Mrs. McGovern may have generalized and idealized a little too much, accepting the existence of the code as evidence of its observance, but we are convinced that her picture, or that side of it, at least, on which she has looked, is true in spirit. Possibly there is a reverse side to the image; if so, her reluctance to recognize it adds implicit to explicit tribute to the head-hunters. Their manners and customs, especially in courtship, are as captivating as their morals. We should like to hear more of Mrs. McGovern's personal adventures among them, her experiences day by day, a drama in each scene of which her intimacy with the head-hunters and her ascendancy over them are developed.

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And we wish that she had told us more about the natural history of the island. That augury bird, for instance, which guides the aborigines in war and the chase; we have no hint of its species. But Mrs. McGovern has compressed so much matter and suggestion into her all-too-short narrative that it would be captions to complain that she has not given us a fuller book, or that she has modestly effaced herself in her work.

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THINGS Chinese are just now much in the eye of the collector. The "awakening" of China, with the corresponding weakening of traditional reverences, has led, in many cases, to the selling to the foreigner of heirlooms, treasured until now from mixed motives of affection and religious observance. The study of ancient Chinese pottery has, for example, only in quite recent years become a possibility in this country. And the more one sees and knows of the older art of China, the more impressed one is by its beautiful austerity. The eighteenth century thought of China as a land of fantastic little men and women—"walking about their groves of trees; blue bridges and blue rivers"—and we have only lately begun to discover its delicate, law-abiding, philosophic art.

Mr. Cescinsky's book of "Chinese Furniture" contains a collection of fine reproductions of magnificent pieces of furniture, most of them lacquered, but a few of natural wood. All of them, with the exception of the few pieces made to European design for the European market, are admirable examples of breadth and simplicity of structural design combined with almost incredible delicacy of detail. Whereas in most European furniture the wood is left in its natural state, and the architectural quality of the piece is emphasized by mouldings and carvings, in Chinese furniture, where the surface is the plane of interest, the lines of construction are simplified and subordinated. In pieces like that on Plate 10, the structure is hinted at rather than shown by changes in the internal composition of the pattern. At first sight the decoration seems to cover the surface as if it were unbroken; it is only on closer view that one finds every structural feature recognized and respected.

That this subordination of structure and silhouette to surface detail is essential to the success of this style of design is clearly shown by the almost complete failure of the pieces made on European models, or even of European manufacture, decorated in China in the Chinese manner. Some of these are illustrated by Mr. Cescinsky, notably a chair on Plate 27, where the ornament distracts from the shape, and the silhouette makes the ornament spotty and meaningless. Against this we may put the quite successful chest on Plate 21, where the designer has realized the necessity of adapting his ornament to the changed demand, subordinating his ornament and using it, as would the European craftsman, to heighten the effect of his panels and mouldings.

It is interesting to turn to Mr. Symonds's book, and to see how the European tackles the same problem of elaborate surface decoration of an object which is itself a piece of considered design. Take the clock B, on Plate 16, with its surface of arabesque marquetry. There can be no mistake here as to which features are of primary importance. The surface is enriched up to, but nowhere beyond, its due relation to the well-designed mouldings, panel-lines, columns, and cornices. Another example is the writing-cabinet on Plate 12, decorated with fine panels and bands of marquetry in colored woods. Most European furniture, however, relies for its interest on beauty of natural material, proportion, and silhouette. Actual surface enrichment takes a very secondary place.

Mr. Symonds, in his present book, follows the same plan as in his last. That is, he describes and illustrates fine and unusual specimens of furniture of the period with which he

deals, and coincidentally shows how, and by what tests, the faker of such pieces can be exposed. He writes as an expert, and interestingly—a combination by no means inevitable. He deals in the present volume with a charming period of English furniture, extending from Stuart times to the Georgian mahogany era. Less than a hundred years covers the whole walnut age, and it is astonishing that so large a quantity of these beautiful pieces has survived, on the whole in a good state of preservation. In them the rich and fantastic grain of the wood is echoed in the graceful curves and elegances of the structural lines, while in many instances the wood, already so decorative, is further enriched with marquetry in bold designs, floral and arabesque. The earlier pieces in this manner are greatly influenced by, and often indistinguishable from, contemporary Dutch examples, though as the English craftsmen grew more familiar with the style, their workmanship outstripped that of the originators of the school.

This use of marquetry registers a great change in furniture-making. Up to this period all pieces had been made in the solid wood, whereas from this time on veneers were largely employed. Veneering made it possible to use the grain of the wood deliberately and with a decorative purpose, while marquetry—that is, patterned decoration made by fitting together selected shaped pieces of veneer—replaced the earlier carving and inlay as fillings for panels and enrichment of bands. Mr. Symonds reproduces some good examples of pieces so enriched, one of the finest being the cabinet on Plate 10. He gives a very interesting chapter on the process, an elaborate and difficult one. As usual, the earlier examples are artistically the best. Parquetry, also much used in this period, differs from marquetry in that the natural markings of the wood are selected to form the design, veneers being cut along and across the wood so as to produce certain calculated effects of grain and coloring.

Mr. Symonds's book should be invaluable to the collector and buyer of old furniture. He gives useful diagrams of construction, as well as illustrations of typical pieces, and his knowledge of the wiles of the furniture faker and forger is amazing in its completeness. By the way, glancing down the index of plates, one is struck by the list of clock-makers' names—Joseph Knibb, Daniel Quare, Thomas Tompion, Just. Vulliamy, Ahasuerus Fromenteel. Why did they, and not the Smiths and Joneses, take to clock-making?

Mr. Cescinsky's elegant volume does not profess, as does Mr. Symonds's, to be a guide to the collector. It deals with certain selected specimens of Chinese furniture, mostly in French collections, and is sumptuously illustrated with more than fifty plates. Some of the pieces he illustrates are marvels of patient workmanship and untiring, ever-playful fantasy. A big piece, such as the chest on Plate 1, fine in mass and proportion, will have detail which, while keeping its place perfectly, shows thought and care in every line. Its panels are romance itself: remote and solitary mountain peaks piercing the cloud-wreaths; and nearer, among the rocks and flowers and trees and precipices, all perfect in drawing and realism, a tiny terraced house, its garden wall overhanging the gulf, at whose foot flows swift and winding river. Looking at it, one begins to feel that it is a real landscape; that one could step into it, as little Hjalmar stepped into the picture, and talk with that philosopher in his hanging garden. And the last lovely screen, with palaces and gardens, woods and summer houses, lakes, moats, bridges, and pavilions; the ladies about their dainty pursuits; the pleasure-party on the lake gathering water-lilies; the damsel fishing from the garden wall, and the three maidens on high-saddled white horses who come galloping over the fields in the top right-hand corner! It would take days just to look at it all; what patience and what fancy must have gone to its making!

For the process of lacquer itself is not, by any means, an easy or a simple one. It calls for time and labor which, under European economic conditions, could never be given to it. The lac itself is a gum which, soluble while fresh, dries later to a hardness which no ordinary solvent will touch. It is applied in many successive coats, each being rubbed down, when thoroughly dry, before the next is put on. The soft wood of which most Chinese furniture is made becomes almost imperishable in a dry climate under several coats of this varnish, and even in the damper air of Europe a lacquer coating, if unbroken, will preserve the

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"IN Shakespeare's time," said Gervinus, "Nature had not yet become extinct." The nineteenth century, however, altered all that, and in less than fifty years, if the forces of conservation do not make better headway than they are doing against those of destruction, the heritage of the Pliocene will have completely vanished and nothing whatever of the non-human stock of evolution be left upon the earth except insects, domesticated animals, a few of the smaller and more highly adaptable birds and mammals, man and his parasites. The "Journal of the American Museum of Natural History" recently printed an article by Henry Fairfield Osborn, in which he described the astonishingly rapid extermination of the larger mammalian life of America, Asia, Africa, and Australia at the rate of fifty millions a year. With a restraint as unique in museum records as it is admirable, the American Museum has decided to renounce acquiring new specimens of the perishing species. The British Empire up to 1914 held a fair record (at least, in comparison with that of other nations) in conserving the wild life of some of its territories.

Since the war, however, a kind of destructive rabies appears to have seized colonial administration. In Africa, especially, the Game Ordinances have been almost universally relaxed or abandoned, and "drives," or in other words, massacres on a very large scale, have been organized for destroying buffalo, antelope, zebra, elephant, rhinoceros, okapi, hyrax, wildebeest, giraffe, and other animals. The Society for the Preservation of the Fauna of the British Empire, whose membership includes a long roll of eminent zoologists, predicts the extinction of all the finer mammals of Africa within a very few years. And now Mr. Richard Kearton, one of the most popular and the most experienced field-naturalists in Britain, has written a book in which he laments the growth of a similar insanity in our own country. There never was a time, he writes, in which wild life was "so purposely persecuted as the present. It is no exaggeration to say that quite 90 per cent. of the nests, great and small, built in places accessible to the general public, are wantonly destroyed." In the Westmoreland Fells, he describes the "sickening sights I saw of sheep being eaten alive by maggots" owing to the slaughter of skylarks, lapwings, wheatears, and other moorland birds. One of the very worst offenders is, of course, the egg-collector, who, in spite of the fact that "all that can be known, or is worth knowing, in regard to variation in the coloration and markings of British birds' eggs has already been discovered," continues, year after year, and in order to prove or disprove some pseudo-scientific theory of irrelevant minutiae, collecting eggs in truckloads. Six hundred clutches of the tree-pipit's eggs were recently exhibited at a dinner of the Oological Club. Children, in Mr. Kearton's view, are far more cruel and predatory than they used to be a decade ago, and the latent savagery fostered in hot-house conditions by the war is everywhere cutting the throat of wild life. This may be of little importance to the majority, but to a few people, at any rate, it is one of the most significant and brutalizing symptoms of what 1914, coming on top of a diseased system

of acquisitive values, has done to the worth and fineness of civilization.

Much of Mr. Kearton's book, therefore, is a tale of old times. Birds like the hobby, the kite, the osprey, the grey phalarope, the harriers, the Dartford warbler, bearded tit, merlin, landrail, and other species have just joined, or are on the point of joining, the black tern, avocet, ruff, Savi's warbler, and their fellows on the glossary list of native breeding species. Two of the most interesting chapters concern the wild life of a Surrey moor known to the present writer, who can corroborate all that Mr. Kearton describes of the way it is yearly being depopulated. Mr. Kearton found and photographed the three nests of the curlew there, its only breeding range in the South. We found all of them robbed this year; and it has been the same with the hobbies, all three woodpeckers, Montagu's harrier, the Dartford warbler, and the redshank. Apart from the damage done by children (whom some lovers of wild life refuse to discourage from their thievery and cruelty on the ground, apparently, that putting out a fledgling blackbird's eyes—a very common deed—is an inseparable part of young manliness), these and many commoner species are systematically and annually raided by professional egg-thieves who treat the law with contempt. Yet these Surrey commons before 1914 were a paradise of natural interest for Londoners, and Mr. Kearton has compiled from his notes a list of ninety-two species which bred on one piece of moorland there, in comparison with sixty-seven breeding on a Yorkshire moor equally familiar to him.

The greater part of Mr. Kearton's book consists of jottings; it is a commonplace book of natural history, given life by his humanity and great experience as a naturalist. There is no art in it whatever—the information is the thing. We get it in rather disconnected bits, but most of them are captivating, and it is possible to form a single impression from them. That, we think, is of the remarkable range in difference of individuality between birds often of the same species. The woodpigeon building in the cliff, the dipper in the tree, the blackbird on the ground; the two pairs of yellow wagtails nesting within a stone's throw of each other, and the cocks and hens showing confidence and timidity in exactly the reverse order for both; a lapwing and a redshank (a very intelligent species) nesting within a few yards of one another, and the latter allowing herself to be flooded out, the former building a rampart against the encroaching water; a wryneck failing to find her nesting box when removed in plain view only a few yards, and a starling following hers all over the orchard, even on the ground; bird after bird accepting a substitution of painted wooden eggs for her own, and a ringed plover instantly detecting them—these and many other suggestive examples illustrate a mental diversity of bird life as great on its plane as the diversity is in our own. Instinct plays a much smaller part in everyday bird-life than closet students understand, and we agree with Mr. Kearton that ability and stupidity display themselves in alternating streaks in the same bird. It is a mixed world for all its creatures with backbones. That is the note on which to close this very readable and amiable book, supplemented by highly successful and intimate photography.

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I HAVE come across no novel for a long time that appears to me so perfectly successful as Miss Stella Benson's "The Poor Man." I have not read Miss Benson's other stories: I had been told so often that they were extremely clever and extremely modern that it never occurred to me to read them, this combination somehow having suggested smartness and the pursuit of epigram, two qualities I happen to dislike. But not a trace of them exists in "The Poor Man"; on the contrary, a clear light of intelligence suffuses the book from start to finish, an intelligence that would be sufficient in itself to give it beauty.

As for the story, it is painfully, at times almost intolerably, true. This is because we all carry Edward within us, the little germs of Edward, the potentiality to become Edward, and gradually while we read we begin to

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feel that perhaps, even now, we are a good deal more like Edward than we know. Edward himself did not know. He partly knew, and once or twice people told him, but he never wholly knew, and he forgot—forgot quite often—otherwise he could not have gone on living.

Miss Benson never forgets. She is, perhaps, a little hard: not cruel, but remorselessly just. She never patronizes, she never condemns; but she never pities, she never excuses. And we want Edward to be pitied—nearly as much as he wanted it himself. He draws, before the end of the book, so uncomfortably close to us that we begin to reassure ourselves with: "No, I should never have done that: I couldn't have done it in any circumstances. Thank heaven, I am not in the least like Edward. . . . Though, for that matter, the poor devil never gets a chance. Emily might at least—" But Emily doesn't. Why should she? How could she? What could anybody do?

For this tragedy is the tragedy of weakness. Edward is not vicious, is not unkind. He probably, for instance, was quite a nice little boy. Even now he is not at all stupid; he is rather refined; he is anything but aggressive, anything but conceited; he is not mean, he is not quarrelsome; he would be the last person in the world to take pleasure in harming others. Only, he is weak—a poor thing—"the poor man." It is with a sense of almost personal shame that we watch him cadding; watch him selling what belongs to others; watch him, to curry favor with the schoolboys he is supposed to be teaching, secretly drinking with them, ignoring their insults; watch him sink to his lowest action when he decamps with the money of a boy of thirteen, who has been left by his father alone in a hotel in Peking.

And all these things Edward does without wanting to do them. He wants to be decent; he wants people to like him; he wants even to work—only there is nothing he can do; and then, unfortunately, he drinks. As a matter of fact, we, outside the book, do not dislike him. And this is Miss Benson's triumph. It is only because we know him better than his friends, know every wandering thought and emotion that stirs in Edward, that we do not detest him. Probably no character in fiction has ever been more completely realized, more faithfully presented, than this "poor man."

The scheme of the book is unusual. We are told nothing of Edward's past, except that he was shell-shocked, and experienced three air-raids in London; we are told nothing of his future; we are simply plunged into his life from the moment when we find him sitting in Rhoda Romero's room in San Francisco—an unwelcome guest. The effect is peculiar: it is as if by some power we had been made invisible, and suddenly transported into this room, among all these people who are talking more or less intimately. We are prisoners in Edward's body and Edward's mind, and from this on we are held there till the spell is abruptly broken on that desolating last page. Edward is an Englishman, and how he came to be in Rhoda Romero's room in San Francisco, how he came to know her and her friends, we never learn, simply because Edward never chances to think of this. We do not even learn Emily's surname till near the end of the book. Edward himself, you see, only learns it then, though his infatuation for her is the one active force in his existence. Characteristically, he follows her to China without realizing that she is called anything but Emily: it is only when he is searching an hotel register in Hongkong that it strikes him she must have a second name. Nevertheless, he finds her in the end—not in Hongkong, nor in Peking, but in Shanghai—and finds at the same time that like everybody else she does not want him. "Can't you leave me alone? I can't bear you. I couldn't bear to touch you—you poor sickly thing." And on this the curtain is rung down.

I should place "The Poor Man" among the very finest of modern novels. Its beauty is not primarily a beauty of style, for Miss Benson's style, though it has color and strength and individuality, is sometimes a little jerky. She concentrates, as it were, on the phrase rather than the paragraph. But there are pages, such as those describing Edward's nocturnal wanderings through Peking, which are richly poetic. I had marked a dozen passages to illustrate this, but shall quote one of a quite different kind, because it is so characteristic of Miss Benson's manner. Edward has thought frequently of buying a light suit, and of the impression this suit will help him to make upon Emily when

he meets her. With this purpose he approaches Stone Ponting, the boy he first lives upon and then robs:—

"Let me borrow from you," suggested Edward, turning scarlet in a way that proved his honesty to himself. "It'll be a purely business transaction. I'll pay you two per cent. per month. I want a thin suit of clothes."

"Sure, go ahead," said Stone.

Edward bought a cream-colored ready-made suit and saw in the mirror that he looked like an unsuccessful dentist. He walked hurriedly out of the store to escape this dreadful ghost.

"You look like thirty cents," said Stone."

FORREST REID.

IN ALBANIAN MOUNTAINS.

The Peaks of Shala. By ROSE WILDER LANE. (Chapman & Dodd, 12s. 6d.)

Mrs. LANE tells us in her Introduction not to take this book too seriously, and no one need. It simply narrates the adventures of a high-spirited American in one small section of the Albanian mountains, with two girl companions from the American Red Cross stationed at Scutari. The sayings and outcries of Miss Betsy Cleveland, one of those companions, are the only points we have to complain of. If she would not keep repeating "O my sainted grandmother!" and "Nobody knows the Albanians. O damn it all!" we should think far more highly of her. It is not even true that nobody knows the Albanians. Miss Edith Durham has ranged far and wide, year after year, through all the mountains and valleys of which this rapid visitor saw but a tiny fraction. So has Mr. McMurry; so has the present reviewer. So, we believe, in former days has Sir Arthur Evans, and so, certainly, has the man or the party who drew the excellent Austrian maps, of which Mrs. Lane gives a sample to illustrate her little tour. But when that is said, one can have nothing but praise for a story written with such spirit and personal charm; displaying also a very acute and retentive observation. For the amount of knowledge about the Albanians and their customs that Mrs. Lane contrived to gather up in those few days is certainly remarkable. Miss Durham's account is upon a far bigger scale, and, of course, is founded on far deeper knowledge; but on nearly all points Mrs. Lane has managed to go right.

In reading the cheerful and admiring book, an almost irresistible longing seizes the reviewer to be out again among those magnificent mountains and magnificent mountaineers. Two terrible wars have passed over them since the first time he was there, but they have kept their dress and their customs according to the ancient laws of Lek almost unchanged, though their poverty has terribly increased and the Serbs and Greeks have plundered what little wealth they had in the form of heavy silver ornaments and belts. But naturally intense as is the Albanian hatred of Serbs in the north, and of Greeks in the south, even more bloodthirsty invaders, if that is possible, have in old times overwhelmed their country, and yet that race of clans has survived almost unaltered since history began. There the Albanians still are, and the League of Nations, to its honor, has drawn their boundaries on equitable lines, if only the greedy neighbors can be restrained.

So in Mrs. Lane's pages one sees again the most picturesque and unsophisticated people now left in Europe, full of interest to all students of mankind, but remarkable also for a primitive happiness, a courtesy, and a sense of honor rare among peoples who call themselves far more civilized. As one reads, the memory recalls the toilsome climbs over passes where the track seemed more impassable at every step, either going up or down; the superb shapes of the jagged mountains, nearly always streaked with snow; the widely scattered grey-stone houses that make a so-called village; the arrival in the evening at the dwelling of some tribal chief, or Catholic priest (if it is the northern mountains we are traversing); the anguishing wait after a hungry day until the various birds and animals in the neighborhood are killed and cooked, and about midnight the endless meal is declared ready; the men in their tight white clothes embroidered with black braid according to the tribe; the women gliding about, supposed to be almost invisible, wearing the heavy leather belts of married life, and the long, black fringes to commemorate the death of their hero

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Skanderbeg ; or perhaps an "Albanian Virgin" will be here, privileged to dress like a man and carry a rifle because she has refused the husband allotted her at birth, and now must never wed ; the brilliant blue beads of charms glistening on the ends of scarves or on the headdresses of mules and cattle ; on the outside wall the small, projecting stones on which the stranger must hang his rifle to show he is not "in blood" with the house or tribe, and means no harm ; the men and women wearing the "opangi," or shoes of simple hide, and colored socks of homespun wool ; the women as they climb the mountain paths making the woollen thread with a twirling spindle, and on their backs the mothers carrying the baby in a wooden cradle, so smothered up in blankets and clothes it is a wonder the race survives. And then one thinks of the "Besa," or sacred promise (so like the Irish "Gesa"), and of the relics of ancient sun-worship, and of the perfect communism within the tribe ; and having thus restored the scene one seems to be setting forth again, after a thimbleful of black coffee, to face the arduous route until evening comes again, and again the various creatures are slain for the midnight meal. But let us take the estimate of the life as formed by Mrs. Lane and her woman friends after an Albanian night :—

" We thought it would be fun to herd goats among these peaks and to live for ever in stone house with a fire on the floor and a pan of corn-bread " (she means maize) " baking in the coals. No dusting, for there was no furniture ; no making of beds, for there were no beds ; no curtains to keep fresh, for there were no windows ; no trouble with clothes, for centuries saw no change in fashions ; no work except hand-weaving and embroidery and the washing of linen in a brook. No haste, no worry, no struggle to invent new needs that one must struggle to satisfy."

Or take the wisdom of Lulash, one of the tribal chiefs or Byraktors (more usually spelt "bariaktars") :—

" Happiness comes from the skies. It comes from sunshine, and from light and shadow on the mountains, and from green things in the spring. It comes also from rest when one is tired, and from food when one is hungry, and from fire when one is cold. It comes from singing together, and from walking on hard trails and being stronger than the rocks ; and there is a kind of happiness that comes to a man in battle, but that is a different kind. For us, marriage has nothing to do with happiness."

But the mention of marriage suggests the only point in the book about which one may be rather doubtful. Mrs. Lane tells us that after marriage the bride has to stand in a corner of the husband's house for three days and nights without moving, eating, or drinking. It may be so, but the reviewer has never heard of the custom, though he knows one or two Albanian marriage customs perhaps even more ludicrous or uncommon. Nor does he know why Mrs. Lane spells *raki*, the reviving spirit of the northern Balkans, as "rakejia."

GIFT-BOOKS.

If the book-shop in December appears as overcrowded and bewildering to the book-buyer who calls there about once a year—and hardly knows what to do with his money—as does the mass of seasonable volumes to this reviewer, then in pity he should get guidance, though he doesn't deserve it. Some of the Christmas publications are incredible in their size, weight, price, and vulgarity. Perhaps it is better to name no names. They must be intended for those who would think nothing of a classic unless it was in a ridiculous and expensive dress ; converted from literature into a silly album, which for a guinea can be glanced through in five minutes.

But all are not of that kind, though the exceptions, secluded in the mass, are likely to be overlooked. There are a few good things this year which, had they been bought for us, would have proved lucky guesses. One is the "Drawings and Engravings of William Blake," by Laurence Binyon ("The Studio," 2 guineas). Mr. Binyon, in his introduction, quotes in joy Blake's saying : " I should be sorry if I had any earthly fame, for whatever natural glory a man

has is so much detracted from his spiritual glory. I wish to do nothing for profit ; I want nothing ; I am quite happy." No more proof than that is needed to show it is a good introduction. The volume contains sixteen illustrations in colors, and eighty-eight in monotone. The loss in the reproduction is not grave. Among the colored plates are : " Youth carrying a Cherub"—the frontispiece to "Songs of Innocence" ; "The Ancient of Days" ; " Glad Day" ; " The Wise and Foolish Virgins" ; and " Elijah in the Chariot of Fire." To this reviewer, the last is one of the most remarkable pictures ever painted. There is something uncanny about it. It does not show a chariot on fire ; it reveals, indeed, a fiery chariot. And if, on leaving the house for the morning train, one were to see such horses, the lovely creatures would make one pause in a benevolence which a second glance would change to terror. In fact, this book will steal all the allotted space, if it is not pushed away.

Another most attractive volume is the "Dramatic Poems of Shelley," uniform with the lyrical poems and translations, published at the Florence Press (Chatto & Windus. 12s. 6d.). Dr. C. H. Herford, who has arranged the poems in chronological order, says in his preface that the volume contains all the definitely dramatic work of Shelley, fragmentary or complete.

Walter de la Mare has done more than conjure the respect of the critics. He has won the fixed attention of children, a remarkable achievement for a poet, and a book at this season is now expected of him. "Down-a-Derry," a book of fairy poems by him, with illustrations by Dorothy Lathrop (Constable. 15s.), is a selection from poems most of us know, with others that are new. It is useful, too, to be able to put the blame on the children when this volume is added to the collection. This cannot be done, however, with a translation by Mrs. Wilfrid Jackson of "At the Sign of the Reine Pédaque" (Bodley Head. 16s.). But we feel we could do without an artist's elaborate illustrations of Anatole France's ironic fun. The illustrations by Keith Henderson, however, to Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico" (Chatto & Windus. 2 vols. 2 guineas) are sufficiently kindred to Aztec art to attract the surprised attention of those who do not know the undervalued Prescott's excellent narrative.

Mr. J. B. Trend has edited, and has prefaced with an essay, the first part of "Don Quixote" as translated by Thomas Shelton in the lifetime of Cervantes (Constable. 21s.). The text of the classics when made into gift-books is sometimes questionable ; but readers of THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM are aware of Mr. Trend's reputation as an authority on Spanish life and literature. The book is illustrated by Jean de Bosschère.

Among the albums of work by modern black-and-white artists we have been attracted most by George Belcher's "Characters" (Methuen. 7s. 6d.). Mr. Frank Swinnerton, in an introduction, points out that the virtue of these drawings is not in their jokes. The drawings are themselves revealing and humorous, and most of them need no legend of the comic journal sort to support them. Mr. A. A. Milne introduces a collection of comic drawings by "Fougasse," "Drawn at a Venture" (Methuen. 10s. 6d.). These drawings are frankly ridiculous—serial stories evolved from simple lines ; some of them are of war-time, and illustrate fun which is not quite so funny as it used to be. "Reflections," a second series of drawings by E. X. Kapp (introduced by Laurence Binyon and W. H. Davies), shows not only this caricaturist's extraordinary divination of the character of his subjects, but a wit in expressing it which is instant and complete (Cape. 10s. 6d.).

The illustrations to one gift-book made of a classic which little girls will always adore, whatever we think of their taste, attracted our pleased attention. One, indeed, would have to be a very haughty anti-Victorian to turn away from the daintiness of M. E. Gray's pictures to Louisa M. Alcott's "Little Women" (Hodder & Stoughton. 15s.). And Tennyson's "Maud" (Macmillan. 10s.) illustrated by E. J. Sullivan—another item so very Victorian—has certain merits, we fear, which would not altogether displease us in

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certain modern intellectual verse. Mr. James Stephens's "The Crock of Gold" has, we suppose, entered the classic stage; as it deserved to. We suggest this from an illustrated edition which Messrs. Macmillan have issued at 12s.

The reader must decide from the foregoing which is for the nursery and which is for himself. As to the rest there is no doubt. This year's output of the extravagances of animals and fairies is tolerably large. There is, naturally, "Alice in Wonderland" again, very pleasingly decorated by Gwynedd M. Hudson (Hodder & Stoughton. 15s.); and a neat edition, not tiring even for a child to nurse, of the "Water Babies" (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.) with pictures by Warwick Goble, which accord with the wonder of what is fay. The large balance we judge to be, from our diminishing knowledge of fairies, new attempts at magic. A good one is by Padraic Colum, derived from the Norse sagas, and illustrated by Willy Pogany, "The Children of Odin" (Harrap. 6s.); difficult material, but Padraic Colum knows well how to whisper to the children of things that may be seen in the twilight. Another excellent entertainer is Orlo Williams, whose "Three Naughty Children" get their deserts from J. R. Monsell as artist (Duckworth. 7s. 6d.). The "Fairies Up-to-Date" are, of course, in verse, done by E. and J. Anthony; although perhaps their chief feature is the continuous bewilderment of the reader by that artist in the grotesque—Bosschère (Thornton Butterworth. 12s. 6d.). "Doris and David all Alone," by Elizabeth Marc, really decorated by Charles Robinson (Hutchinson. 6s.), is not a fairy story, but just a story of and for children, and does not seem the worse for that. A glance at the remainder suggests that publishers suppose our English fairies have been rather overworked, and had better be given a rest for a year. So we have "Canadian Fairy Tales" (Bodley Head. 16s.) about Indians and the little folk of the forests and prairies, by Cyrus Macmillan, with pictures by Marcia Foster; and the "Chinese Fairy Book," from original sources, edited by Dr. R. Wilhelm, translated by Frederick H. Martens and illustrated by George W. Hood (Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.). The Oriental quite disarms us with "Once upon a time," like any English grandmother. The "Japanese Fairy Book," by Yei Theodora Ozaki (Constable. 7s. 6d.), contains such novelties, queerly suggestive of Hans Andersen, as "The Bamboo-Cutter and the Moonchild." Perhaps to remove the gloom attached to Russian literature in the popular Press, Basil Blackwell, of Oxford, has issued (for 6s.) "Picture Tales from the Russian," by Valery Carrick, translated by Nevill Forbes. The drawings are really joyous.

The "Russian Garland" introduces our nurseries to the fancies which entertain the youngsters who gather round the hearth on the Steppe. They are edited from a collection of chap-books made in Moscow, by Robert Steele, and pictured by J. R. de Rosciszewski (A. M. Philpot. 7s. 6d.). A "Swedish Fairy Book," reputed genuinely Norse folk-lore, begins with an old woman who, of course, "once upon a time" (the same time as in China and elsewhere) found an unspecified egg, put it under a goose, and hatched out a boy; edited by Clara Stroebe, translated by F. H. Martens and pictured by George W. Hood (Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.)

We imagine the absurd adventures of Dr. Doolittle at home and abroad, by Hugh Lofting (Cape. 6s.), would receive honorable mention from the right judges; and so, we think, would "The Five Jars," by M. R. James (Edward Arnold. 6s.). Laurence Housman discovers a "Doorway in Fairyland," and, moreover, ventures to picture it, with faint reminiscences of Rossetti (Cape. 6s.). Rose Fyleman tells us in easy intimacy and confidence of the "Rainbow Cat," which had adventures to be expected of an unusual animal (Methuen. 3s. 6d.). "The Fairy Islands," by J. Waugh Boden, and pictured by Doris Williamson, are of the specified enchanted nature, and may be described at least as a cheap trip (Philip Allan. 5s.).

"The Armfields' Animal Book," by Constance Smedley Armfield, and pictures by Maxwell Armfield (Duckworth. 8s. 6d.), is daintily produced, and its nature is shown in such chapters as "How the Camel Unbent" and "How the Bittern Boomed," &c. We find the animal adventures proper (or rather, humanized) in "Wisdom of the Wilderness," by C. G. D. Roberts (Dent. 6s.), which no boy could resist; and in "Romances of the Wild," by H. Mortimer Batten

(Blackie. 10s. 6d.). The adventures are well told, they are by naturalists, and they are often exciting. Of "Maya," the adventures of a little bee, by Waldemar Bonsels (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.), we are assured that half-a-million copies have already been sold, so it may be assumed that the creature is a busy American bee.

"Poum," the adventures of a little boy from the French of Paul and Victor Margueritte, is an entertaining story, and the thought to translate it was happy (A. M. Philpot. 7s. 6d.).

We wish to commend Sidney Dark's "Child's Book of England" (Chapman & Hall. 10s. 6d.), which is written for the young who can read, but know little of history. Mr. Dark clearly desires that beginners to-day should not get past events in a false but popular perspective which distorts the understanding of England as it is.

Selwyn & Blount for 3s. 6d. present a nice edition of "Robinson Crusoe," with illustrations according to the accepted legend. The same publishers, by the way, for one shilling (with better bindings for 1s. 6d. and 3s. 6d.) have issued some charming little anthologies, edited by Roger Ingpen: "A Choice of the Best English Lyrics," 3 vols., seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries; and one that is specially praiseworthy, "A Choice of the Best Poems for the Young." And we shall not omit to suggest, for the very young, "Ring o' Roses," being many of the old nursery rhymes comically illustrated by Leslie Brooke (Frederick Warne. 7s. 6d.). The same publishers have sent us a display of toy books, the "Noo-Zoo Tales," by Lawson Wood, one shilling each, which we think could not be bettered; and "Cecily Parsley's Nursery Rhymes," by Beatrix Potter (1s. 6d.).

Messrs. Routledge have sent us some technical books which are known to be actually studied by boys: "Paper Magic" by Houdini (7s. 6d.), "Lessons in Conjuring" by David Devant (3s. 6d.), and "Indian Conjuring" by Major L. H. Branson (2s. 6d.).

A little library of plays for children, by S. Lyle Cummins (Methuen. 3 vols. 1s. 6d. each) is a helpful and seasonable notion; and "Blue-Beard," the "Sleeping Beauty," and "Goldilocks" indicate the nature of the plays. Finally, Messrs. Dean's new toy and nursery books maintain the reputation of that house for such essential literature.

ANNUALS.

The miscellany, album, or annual, with its sugar and spice, &c., is certain of approval when a book of plainer but more nourishing texture would arouse no enthusiasm. Herbert Strang's "Annual for Boys" and Mrs. Strang's "Annual for Girls" (both favorite mixtures as before—Milford, 5s. each), are perfectly sound ventures in each case. Blackie's "Girls' Annual" is another full-orbed five-shillingsworth. "Young England," for boys (Pilgrim Press, 7s. 6d.), is of an enlivening and robust nature. "Chatterbox" and "Everyday" (Wells Gardner)—the same as ever—are volumes for the younger children which, perhaps, need not the prompting of a good word of ours. Their virtues are known and established. "The Wonder Book of Wonders" (Ward & Lock, 6s.), full of well-told stories of the wonders of modern life and modern science, and cleverly illustrated, may be warranted to keep a youngster quiet and secluded for a protracted period. "The Children's Year" (Blackie, 4s.), for children of the same age, is also excellent.

NEW EDITIONS.

THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM was recently advised by the librarian of an important free public library that Jane Austen and the Brontë sisters were more in request there than modern women authors. We have received from Messrs. Dent the novels of Jane Austen in excellent form, illustrated by C. E. Brock (6 vols., 6s. each); and of Charlotte, Emily, and Anne Brontë, illustrated by Edmund Dulac (6 vols., 6s. each). Messrs. Macmillan's uniform pocket edition of the novels and stories of Henry James, which we have inspected, is in distinct and pleasing type and on good paper; 7s. 6d. a volume. The same may be said of Messrs. Constable's pocket edition of George Meredith's novels—at 5s. cloth and 7s. 6d. leather—for it does justice to a writer who is a little in the shadow at present, but is not going to stay there.



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SHOULD the boys at Christmas time have to depend upon their elders' critical faculty in the choice of books? Is it fair or just? We remember a boy who preferred Masefield's "Lost Endeavor" to "Treasure Island." He could not explain his preference. He merely knew he most emphatically had it. In his case, it was comforting to recognize, he had at least chosen between what we considered a good thing and a very excellent thing. (It is, by the way, surprising that "Lost Endeavor" has not been seized upon by publishers as a story of exceptional quality for boys.) But how account for the majority of youngsters to whom it is all one whether they keep company with Fenimore Cooper or Sexton Blake? Have we any right to exercise a wary understanding in the censorship of books for them?

The editor has just tried upon us a set of ten. They are representative. Two answered to the critical tests: structure sound, plot credible, characters real and interesting. But the rest? Yet this reviewer is aware, because of a test he made, they might have fascinated him once on a time. Becoming conscientious, he turned to a story which once translated him. It was about an orchid-hunt in Borneo. It had kept him in dreamland for weeks on end, and might have settled his profession if the Fates had not had a worse in store. Down to middle age something of its magic remained. Yet the golden bowl is broken. That sudden desire for honesty is to blame. Had he not tried the comparison of the gods of his youth with the gods of his nephews that orchid-hunt would still live in the memory as a great adventure. It is gone. The story to-day answered none of the tests. It was no better, if no worse, than what he had been reading as a duty. If the story of the Borneo jungle could have once drawn the magic circle, there is no reason why this set of ten should not this Christmas transfix youngsters in wide-eyed wonder.

Of one of those nine writers we are sure. We know Mr. Hylton Cleaver's school. He has taken us to Harley for many Christmases. We like his school, his boys, and their sports. In "The Harley First XV." he proves again that he can write up a cricket, a football, or a boxing match in a way to make our sporting writers envious. We know of no other short stories of school life which, for character study, geniality, and dramatic interest, are so good as Mr. Cleaver's.

We should have to be very young again to get the right flavor of the other school yarns on our list. We are not so robust to-day. It is not that the things that happen at Harley School are more credible, but that Mr. Cleaver's skill is such that, for the life of you, you cannot tell how your mind has been tricked into faith. He possesses a secret that others lack. We have, however, just learned that too much can be made of this fact. Still, in spite of our test we are not fully convinced that youngsters are not aware of the difference between a tale that is well told and one that is manufactured, for there is the popularity of Mr. Cleaver to complicate the matter. The boy possesses a great gift. That may be the secret of it. His imagination has energy sufficient, it may be supposed, to make up for the deficiencies in what is supplied to him in the way of literature. He exercises it happily, without criticizing severely the raw material on which he has to work. There is a lot of uncooked material in "The Four Schools," by R. A. H. Goodyear. Half the number of episodes would serve some authors for

the padding of more than one book. Mr. Goodyear is generous. Chiefly the story is about Phil Shore, who is not only famous as a goalkeeper, but is a terror—a gentlemanly kind of terror—in a scrap, and really magnificent in his dignity.

Great laughter begins the story Mr. Richard Bird has to tell in "The Boys of Dyall's House." Indeed, the laughter became "a roar—a bellow of appreciation." This arose because a man stepped on a banana skin and rolled into a mass of mud. The mirth is sustained throughout the book. The man who gave the merry entertainment in the mud was the new science master at Cheriton's. He is a very rogue, and deserves to be stood upon banana skins twice daily. The boys called him "Bolshie." No man gets a name like that for nothing. The housemaster was known as "Blighter," and he deserved it, too. Mr. Bird keeps his young audience entertained in a jolly, intimate way, which no doubt they understand, though the trick remains a secret to older minds. There is sure to be excitement in a school with two such masters as "Blighter" and "Bolshie," and the latter, the discovery of a secret society shows, was not miscalled.

"The Prefects' Patrol," by Harold Avery, is a story of misunderstood prefects against whom there was a conspiracy. There is a plot, and some more or less inconsequential sub-plots, a few moderately bad boys, and many good ones. Even a grown reader might become alert when brave young Bent ventured out at night, in defiance of the patrol, to get a misguided friend out of the trouble he had made for himself.

What charms us about the boys of "Topsy-Turvy Academy," by R. A. H. Goodyear, is their young conversation. "Sure," says one, in introducing himself and his brother into a new school, "that's lucky for us. I and my brother were feeling lonesome, and it'll be real kind of you to give us a home-from-home grasp of the hand." This was Asper Clark, from Massachusetts, and he sustains this racy speech through a long story, in which the language of the English boys has the same quality without such geographical betrayals as "sure." Youngsters will be amused by the high spirits of the Academy.

Henty was not a writer of genius—the books which genius has written specially for boys could be counted on one hand. But of all professional tellers of stories for the young he and Ballantyne were the most skilled we know. He was a traveller, knew much of warfare, and had a taste for history. His stories move a little stiffly, but we do not remember noticing that years ago. It is curious now to observe the tricks of his trade. His yarns begin with a page or two of boy-and-girl love, and close with a page or two on the same theme. The intervening space is an accurate survey of a campaign through which a young hero bears triumphantly the banner of a high resolve. The adventures make no strain upon the credulity until the hero returns to claim the reward of love, and this Henty gets over hurriedly. He knew what boys wanted to read, and he gave it without stint. Messrs. Blackie have issued a new popular edition of his works at three shillings and sixpence a volume.

No boy will complain because "The Jackaroos," by Joseph Bowes, fulfills the promise of its wrapper. That shows a young horseman on a convulsive steed receiving the charge of a bull of frightful girth. A "jackaroo" is an apprentice to an Australian stock-raiser. It is because we know so little, compared with Mr. Bowes, of the Australian tongue, that the opening paragraph appealed to us like the song of the Jabberwock: "The crimson sun was disappearing behind the smoky skyline as two vehicles—a wagon and a dray—drew up under a clump of casuarinas by the side of a billabong." We like that, and admire the way in which the reader is introduced immediately into the story of two courageous lads who have a more exciting life than is possible on an English smallholding. Queensland's wild wastes, in the days of these "jackaroos," "peopled with marsupials and natives, were big with promise to those who had eyes to see and hearts to adventure."

"Nobody could have mistaken Bob Fawcett for anything but a Briton," This was either because the collar of his long ulster frieze was upturned, or because he had bright hair and frank blue eyes. We are not sure which. But Bob must be accepted. We see him in Korea during the Russo-Japanese War, and thrill at his many adventures among Far Eastern brigands. His friend Kobo, of the Japanese secret service, descendant of a long line of samurai, is a

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"Would ye sport with a man?" whispered the waves to the Donna Caterina. "Would ye tempt us so far by jesting with one we know as we do not know you?"

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THE "Girl's" Season is in full swing, and I have before me eleven of the books offered for her consumption. In many of them the made-to-order elements are apparent, and of these little can be said that was not said last year, and will not be next; harmless in themselves, one can only regret that our "Girl" should be supplied, year after year, with so many books so mechanically made. It means nothing less than that she is being trained for mechanical reading all her life.

There are five school-stories, and most of them were evidently written off the reel. May Wynne's "Angela Goes to School," Christine Chaundler's "Reformation of Dormitory Five," Angela Brazil's "School in the South," and E. L. Haverfield's "Just a Jolly Girl," are all marked by pages and pages of bright-sounding chatter, freely sprinkled

with slang (I get rather tired of Miss Brazil's "Yummy!" and very jarred by Miss Wynne's "Don't fret your fats!"); and by plenty of "scrapes," got into, and out of, by mischievous girls who are always, of course, real tramps and sports. Miss Haverfield's is the best story—it has spooky doings and a mystery in it, and works itself out from start to finish; Miss Wynne's has some claims to being a story too, though I found her heroine an insufferable young person; but Miss Chaundler's and Miss Brazil's seem to me not to be stories at all, but just chunks out of any school-book term, in which, with the minimum of plot, the girls are exploited, favorably or unfavorably, for the young reader's entertainment. The fifth school-story, "Guide Gilly, Adventurer," has much more dash about it. Miss Dorothea Moore places her school in the imaginary kingdom of Dornia, ruled by a girl-queen. This book is full of plots and risings, wicked conspirators and secret tunnels, and Gilly, mixed up in them all, proves herself the Lone Guide *par excellence*; her resourcefulness in tight corners challenges D'Artagnan's. The story is really a sort of Girl Guides' Fairytale, of which everybody would like to be the heroine, and end triumphantly dining with a Prince, having foiled the villains, and saved the Queen.

But the Guides have not got it all to themselves; their younger sisters have been catered for, and "Meg of the Brownies," by Margaret Stuart Lane, is a really nice book for any Brownie to have. It is written with simplicity and charm; Meg is a natural little girl, and the life she leads at school and in her farmhouse home is the natural life of a child in its interests, its anxieties, and its desires. The episodes which supply the interests are not overstrained, and the Brownie element is not overdone.

Another good story is "Two on the Trail," by E. E. Cowper, who has two books to her credit in this list. But "The White Witch of Rosel" is the less good, though girls who like "romantic" reading will prefer it. It deals with the adventures of a party of young girls who have taken a house in Guernsey, and it relies largely for its effect on scenery and superstition, and a general flavor of magic. I fancy that Miss Cowper is readily seized with an enthusiasm for a new place and setting, and, without diving very deeply, gathers all the local color she can on the spot, to turn into "atmosphere" for her next book. Her method is sometimes slightly informative, whether she is imparting the superstitions of Guernsey, or the really practical way of striking a trail in the land of the trappers. But "Two on the Trail" is a straight, sensible, and rather exciting account of the escape across the snows of a boy and girl, with robbers behind them, and wild beasts around them. It is written with an economy which is wanting in the "White Witch," and when it is done it seems all of a piece.

The best point in "The Kayles of Busney Lodge" is the description of a family, all of them nice people, which has fallen into a slack, ramshackle, disorganized way of living. Only Shirley, the heroine, when she is not teaching or playing the violin, makes strenuous and "fussy" efforts to keep the family self-respect afloat by doing housework early and late, until she breaks down. Her state of mind, and the attitudes towards it of the different members of the family, are well indicated; especially that of a younger sister who is at home all day, lets things slide, and suffers torments of ineffectual self-reproach. A love-affair with a soldier, and some rather amusing children, are mixed up with it all, but it is the family psychology which gives the book its chief value.

I have left to the last the two books which seem to call for the most individual comment. "Understood Betsy," by Dorothy Canfield, who is a well-known American writer, is, as a bit of work, much the best of all these books, though it may not be the best book for a child. The opening chapter, I am sure, no child ought to read, though all aunts and many mothers ought. Aunt Frances, so terribly sympathetic, so terribly enervating; so resolute to protect Betsy from all harm that her small niece is filled with every possible sort of fear, and is incapable of standing on her own feet; so determined to "understand" Betsy's every thought and feeling, that the child wallows in perfect orgies of "explaining" herself, and promises always to tell darling Aunt Frances *everything*, "even if, as now, she often had to invent things to tell"—Aunt Frances ought to be a warning to all upbringers of children. Fortunately for Betsy, cir-

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cumstances part her from this aunt, and consign her to the care of other relatives in the country, where day by day she learns to do all sorts of things it is taken for granted she can and will do; and gradually realizes herself, with surprise and pleasure, as an independent little creature who can think and act for herself. The whole book is well done, and almost all of it will delight children; but Mrs. Canfield's cleverness has not, even after the first chapter, steered her quite past its own pitfalls. She has not made up her mind whether her book is primarily for a child, or about a child. Sometimes she seems to be addressing children only, and directly; at others she bares fine points in child-consciousness which no small soul should be bothered with. With one step further in art she might have managed it so that children could accept all her points, and grown-ups miss none of them.

I don't know whether H. H. Bashford is a man or a woman. For variety's sake, I'll risk it, and call her "him." He, then, has produced the only fanciful book I have to deal with. He has done it all—stories, little verses in between (often quite attractive little verses), and "stunt" illustrations, such as any ingenious person who can't really draw might achieve. The stories deal with the doings of various children, and each involves some supernatural turn in the shape of saints, ghosts, angels, and even Christ Himself. But the medley and the manner are incongruous. Mr. Bashford aims at being quaint and symbolical at once, and does not make the two things fit convincingly. Numbers of people, reading his presentation of whimsical fancies with a spiritual undercurrent, will be sentimentally pleased by them, without really believing in them; just as numbers of people, who don't really believe in fairies, are pleased to pretend they do once a year at "Peter Pan." How much Mr. Bashford himself believes in them is uncertain; and if I appear to be taking his pretty book too seriously, it is just on account of that assumption of "something behind it all" which, when the least suspicion of a trick attaches to it, ought to be left alone. He slides just a little too easily from Guardian Angels who smoke cigarettes, to the Poor Young Man who comes to bless a Christmas-tree, and was Himself "the loveliest present that ever hung upon a tree." A genuine spiritual outlook is not expressed in turns and phrases, it saturates a man's whole work, so that sentimental non-believers may often be left floundering at sea. They are always safe with Mr. Bashford. I like him best when he is purely inconsequential, as in the tale of Gwendolen's Aunt with the pale, proud face, who suddenly rescues a monkey from an organ-grinder, runs round the Square, into her house, out at the back, train to Dorset, and boat to Monkey Island—without thinking twice about it. It is the best of cures for a pale, proud face.

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THE ATHENÆUM

No. 4832.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1922.



CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
THE WORLD OF BOOKS. By H. J. M.	419	FROM THE PUBLISHERS' TABLE	430
SHORT STUDIES:— The Railway Journey. By Peter Warren	420	MUSIC:— A National Duty. By Edward J. Dent	432
REVIEWS:— Again the Dean Speaks Out. By Bernard Shaw	421	THE DRAMA:— Sentiment and Satire. By D. L. M.	434
The Apotheosis of Butchery. By H. C. O'N.	424	FORTHCOMING MEETINGS	436
From Comte to Bergson. By Bertrand Russell	426	THE WEEK'S BOOKS	436
"Welcome, Sailor!" An Ambassador's Letters	426		

The World of Books.

To make an anthology out of the literature of travel seems to me about as enviable a job as to make a collection, privately and in an offhand manner, of the world's flora. If the human race were plagued or blessed with the cat's nine-times victory over mortality, or could borrow a slice of the "dateless, indefinite endurance," the "worshipful venerableness" of Melville's Encantadas tortoises, perhaps it might be done. Life being a book with only one chapter, I should have thought that the pious anthologist would have travelled his own span before he got far into the interior.

* * *

NEVERTHELESS, the dauntless Mr. Samuel Looker ("Travel, Old and New: a Selection from the Literature of Travel in Both Hemispheres," Daniel O'Connor) has put on his outdoor, seven-league shoes, and shot forth. Inevitably, he has been in too much of a hurry, and his disclaimer of being in no wise exhaustive is a cautionary superfluity. If an editor did claim to be exhaustive on such a theme, he would have no option but to consult every volume, with the only respite of the reference books, in the British Museum Reading Room. Travel—it is a monstrous word. Even the amœba did not begin it. and the number of miles my pen must have travelled even in my short and misspent life makes me tremble. The one thing utterly certain about the universe is that it is on the move: all else is speculation. I sit here "as still as any stone," and the corpuscles within dart about like minnows in the most immobile of ponds, breaths are for ever running in and out, a network of canals circulates through my entire corporeal system, and heart and pulse stump steadily on to death. Give me the editing of an anthology of rest, for then I shall have nothing to do. Philosophers spend their mentality in coining definitions of life, but the most comprehensive and unimpeachable of them is that it is mileage. In fact, I doubt whether travel bears thinking about at all. The wonder and terror of the passing of things! Who ever sees or experiences anything! There is no stay or resting-place between anticipation and memory, no living in the moment itself. Yet people profess themselves frightened of eternity, when obviously its conception was generated in the mind of man as the only authentic counterfoil to the ineluctable travelling of everything that is. There must be something about travel in every book ever written, and all literature is a desperate attempt to escape from it and to stand against the levelling wind of the tireless traveller whose every footprint is a second—Time.

AND so Mr. Looker would have been better advised to have drawn in his horns a little. Both hemispheres, and poetry included, and verse and bits too out of sedentary writers who do not travel much further than that book over there in the corner of the room by the window. If they receive an invitation, it is hard to see why certain renowned leg-stretchers, whose leather bill must equal theirs of gas, have been passed over. Of the moderns, Mr. Cunningham Graham seems lonely without the company of Mr. Conrad; Mr. Candler striding over the world's roof; Mr. Tomlinson, Mr. Davies, W. H. Hudson, and Mr. Paul Fountain. Or to drop back into last century, Professor Drummond, of Central Africa, and Spruce, the great botanist of the Amazons, and Audubon and Thomas Belt, whose words travel very far beyond the confines of Nicaragua, and solemn, armor-plated Hartwig of "The Polar World," whom Ruskin windily traduced. If Lamb's letter to Wordsworth on the joys of Covent Garden finds a place, why not Alfred Edmund Brehm ("From North Pole to Equator"), who enjoyed life—or more precisely other lives—to such a degree that a hyena chorus in equatorial Africa made him dream of the Christmas bells in the Fatherland? It was from Brehm that Darwin got his famous story of the Abyssinian baboon who came down from the mountains to rescue a young one from the dogs. If Pater's description of Du Bellay's journey in Italy appears, might not have Arthur Young been present in his own proper person? And to go still further back, I miss Orellana, the first navigator (the word for such a stream) of the Amazons, and Captain Smith among the Virginians, and John Hartop with his "seasorrow," and Francis Fletcher who wrote, "The seas were rolled up from their depths . . . as if it had been a scroll of parchment," and William Strachey—"It could not be said to rain; the waters like whole rivers did flood in the air"—and Lawrence Aldeney, and William Biddulph, and Robert Dallington, and others of the Hakluyt and Purchas company.

* * *

Not that there is not plenty of good pasturage in Mr. Looker's book. His divisions are rather queer—why "Women in Many Lands," more than men?—but they are well, if somewhat indiscriminately, stocked. There are some fine Lithgows, Trelawneys, Melvilles, Burtons, and Doughtys, and what a piece of writing, stately as the ship that bore him, is Washington Irving's account of Columbus's discovery of America! I like, too, Mr. Looker's courage in keeping out the couch grass. The big-game hunter and the specimenomaniac remain outside the bar of "Traveller's Joy." "We have long passed the stage," he says, "when a lust for killing animal life is, or should be, a passport to fame in the annals of travel." Their books are more carcasses than those of the beasts they killed. And the variety of the collection may be estimated by the fact that "The Beauty of Quebec" appears on the opposite page to "The Inspiration of Venice." Having been to neither, I should without hesitation choose Quebec. Writers on Italy nerve themselves to the task; the pen is dipped in the bluest of ink, and a voluptuous aroma of orange-grove emanates from the paper, until we exclaim with pleasing vandalism, "O God, O Florence, Rome and Naples!"

H. J. M.

Short Studies.

THE RAILWAY JOURNEY.

"I ALWAYS envy people," Hubert Raule was saying in pursuance of a conversation inspired by a remark of his host, "who can strike contact with chance companions—in 'buses, railway carriages, and the like."

"Quite so," the host murmured with vague fatuity. He had not been attending to his guest, and his glance wandered restlessly round this table. "Fill your glass, Welcote," he said on a compound note of invitation and reproof.

"So do I."

The young man on Raule's right, whose name he had not properly heard, or not heard at all, unconsciously gave the required stimulus to the incipient story at the moment when most it was exposed to the frost of inattention.

"It must be the greatest fun. Personally, I'm too beastly stand-offish; though, goodness knows, I've no wish to be."

"Few of us have," Raule answered, "though most of us are."

"Also, I hate public conveyances; though, as you were saying, sir, some people succeed in making them a tremendous source of entertainment—by striking contact—you said?"

"Yes; striking contact."

"How's it done?"

"I was regretting I didn't know. I never found a so-called 'conversational opening' lead to more than a slightly bored and unencouraging reply."

"You mean, sir, that it is generally you who make that reply?"

"Yes," Raule laughed, "that's exactly what I do mean."

His evidently intelligent and decidedly engaging junior showed his gratification at Raule's tacit acknowledgment of both these social assets.

"Because, of course," he went on, "the openings themselves are necessarily so trite, you cannot bring yourself to make them."

"Yes, it is only the centre of a conversation that is satisfactory. The beginning is a bore; the end either premature or too much deferred."

"Generally the latter."

"No, I hope not," Raule mildly corrected; "generally the former. But, look here, I shall get into trouble for holding up the decanter. Let me fill your glass."

"Thank you."

Raule noticed that his host observed them, and reintroduced him to the conversation.

"I was going to tell our young friend here, with his permission, a very remarkable experience I had in a railway train some few days ago."

"Go ahead," his host approved.

The young man, sitting slightly away from the table, crossed his legs and disposed himself to be entertained.

"It was Whit Tuesday. I had been staying the week-end in the country, and, of course, the trains were abominably full. I afforded myself the luxury of a first-class ticket, but, unfortunately, everyone else, apparently, had done the same. However, as far as Reading things were uneventful."

"How funny!" the young man murmured. "I had a sort of feeling you were going to mention Reading."

"Now, why?"

"Can't say. But I beg your pardon; I oughtn't to have interrupted. Do go on."

"Well, I had one corner, and each of the others had an occupant, a man—nondescript individuals! The sort, you know, that does not even leave the impression of being uninteresting."

"That's rather severe." The host concluded a short chuckle.

"Perhaps. And I oughtn't to complain because they played their part."

"How?" the young man asked.

"By providing a strong atmosphere of disapproval. The odd and unpleasant thing about the carriage was that the floor, the seats even, were strewn with confetti. That, I suppose, was why, as far as Reading, it had only three occupants beside myself. Well, imagine—the confetti, beastly and barbaric relic of hymeneal heartiness, trampled and sordid, and three sedate, dark-coated, newspaper-perusing persons, perfect mines of potential indignation. Isn't that a background sufficiently incongruous to be appropriate to any irregularity of behavior?"

"And at Reading?" the host inquired.

"At Reading . . . well, at Reading my experience began. A man and a woman got into the carriage. The man, a fat, unhealthy-looking, horrid sort of person, vilely overdressed—you know the type—lavender tie, lightest of grey suits, tightest of yellow boots; oh, but good-natured—when not suffering too acutely from dyspepsia—overfed and easy-going. He'd have slept, snored probably, if he'd been alone; as it was he merely dozed, but the somnolent nodding of his head seemed to be all his companion required in the way of comprehension. Encouragement would have been superfluous."

"And the woman?"

"Ah! the woman," Raule continued, turning towards the young man. "A more queer, unhappy, interesting woman I have seldom seen. She was young, about thirty, I suppose—a little more possibly—slim, and though thin-faced and a little sour of expression, by no means ill-looking. She was dressed very neatly, quietly, dully almost, in a sort of biscuit color with little blue embroideries."

"How you can remember these things, Raule!"

He turned again towards his host.

"In itself a very presentable costume, and blue shoes and stockings, same shade as the embroideries. But the hat! My word, the hat! A crimson monstrosity decked with cherries that bobbed aggressively and rather comically to the measure of her astonishingly fluent and disquieting conversation. But the most remarkable things about her, in appearance, I mean, were her hands. They were like those of a man, a cultivated man, long-fingered, well-shaped, brown, sinewy and freckled, but hopelessly vulgarized by an immense and inexpensive ring. There was something rather pitiful about it. She was so nearly all right—everything just, but only just, ruined—the dress by the hat, the hands by the ring, and so also injudicious dabs of powder had coarsened the features of an evidently intelligent and vivacious woman."

"So much for her appearance! Her behavior —! If I wanted to be charitable, and I'm not sure I don't, I should put it down to nerves; or, you remember it was a hot day, to a slight indiscretion at luncheon; but no, I rather fear those interpretations don't quite meet the case."

"What, then?" the young man asked. "Drugs?"

"I don't like to say it. She talked—talked incessantly. From the moment the train left Reading to the moment it steamed into Paddington she admitted no pause to her monologue—the man seemed quite inarticulate, hardly spoke a word, just let her run on; seemed, in fact, quite used to it—on it went, on, on, on, and her sharp, penetrating voice vibrated insistently above the rumbling of the train."

"The other fellows," he went on in answer to the young man's inquiry, "the other fellows just rustled their newspapers. Of course, you can picture their feelings. Well, in her left hand she held a great, long parasol, which she tapped violently on the floor to emphasize her argument, while she made amazing explanatory gestures with her right. At times she leant far forward towards the man, dragging herself right to the edge of the seat; then she'd fling herself back on to the cushions, to take breath for a fresh tirade."

"I'm sick, my dear, sick, sick, sick to death of it." Her voice shrieked out the *motif*, apparently, of her existence."

Raule paused. "The pity was," he continued, "that I couldn't catch all she said. Oh, yes, I listened

unashamedly. But she spoke so fast, and there was the noise of the train, I lost a good deal. She was bound for the home of some relatives. That was clear enough; it was the burden of her complaint. But whether her mood was dominated by an eternal weariness, or by the sudden stab of impatience—I mean whether her normal life was with her family and she had just been having a jaunt with her fat companion by way of relief, or the other way about—I couldn't gather.

"At any rate, she described her destination wittily, vividly. The suburban villa, the cherished atom of garden, the tennis-court, 'just large enough for a game of tennis, if one dodged the holes'; the dog-kennel, 'just large enough to hold the dog.' And then the evenings. . . . Picture them! I did. Family albums and family history; the portrait of father at the age of three; the silhouette of grandfather taken in 1838; the babies sprawling on cushions; your uncles in embroidered smoking-caps, your aunts in bugles, and your cousins, oh! your cousins—the soldier, the sailor, and the bank clerk; the soldier backed by a draped curtain and smiting his legs with a cane; the sailor leaning nonchalantly over a stile; the bank clerk with a sickly grin and a preposterously high collar; and the girls—the girls with frizzy hair and bicycles! Think of them! What an army of purse-lipped disapprovers! What a douche of moral regeneration! 'Sick, my dear, sick, sick to death of it all!'

"Then there was another very odd thing. She interspersed her dialogue with now happily unfamiliar war tags and expressions: 'Carry on, sergeant!' 'As you were!' and the brown hand jerked up to the cherry-bedeked hat in grotesque simulation of a salute.

"And then—it was so sudden, I hardly noticed the manner of the transition—she had passed from this strain of garish, flamboyant peevishness to the awed solemnity of tragedy. She was speaking of one of her relations, a man—she seemed to have been very fond of him—her puffy companion almost articulately admitted his brilliance, his promise, his charm. Well, it seemed he had been the victim of some disease, some accident; he had seen his life suddenly ruined, his ambitions crushed, the strength of body and limb so admirable, so much admired, become the object of pity; and he lay, and would lie for the rest of his life, surrounded by this army of relatives; the only one of her family she had cared for, who had understood her. And she shrilled out in her grotesquely commonplace way the fatal, inevitable philosophy of the disillusioned, an inexorable comment to human endeavor: 'As you were!'

"At last, almost as the train slipped beneath the dingy shadow of the domed terminus, her companion roused himself.

"'And what,' he inquired, 'will you say if they ask you how you have enjoyed yourself?'

"'Tell 'em the truth! D'ye think I'm going to pretend to them? Tell 'em to go to hell. I'm sick, I tell you, sick to death of it all—sick, sick, sick.'

"One could imagine the last fling, the toss of the head, the impotent shriek, reviling respectability, morality, the home. The fat fellow was not deceived. He smiled indulgently. That was all right, he seemed to suggest. And even if she did, could anything shake the complacency of those respectable ones who were at the moment, perhaps rather grudgingly, awaiting her arrival, secure in the knowledge of their sound moral tone, their good example, their stability?"

There was a moment's silence.

"I should have liked," Raule concluded, "but you know what I should have liked to do."

The young man nodded.

"Make a fool of myself. I looked back when I got to my cab to see if I could make them out among the people; but I couldn't; they had gone. After all, how powerless one is to help other people!"

The young man tapped on the table with a fork. "And what a nuisance it might have been if—if—"

"If?" Raule inquired.

"If she hadn't just disappeared among the other people."

PETER WARREN.

Reviews.

AGAIN THE DEAN SPEAKS OUT.

BY BERNARD SHAW.

[COPYRIGHT IN U.S., 1922.]

Outspoken Essays. Second Series. By WILLIAM RALPH INGE, C.V.O., D.D., Dean of St. Paul's. (Longmans. 6s.)

In reading a book for review it is convenient to mark the passages which call for comment, and note the numbers of the pages. This book contains 275 pages. The number of passages which call for notes of pure admiration is considerably more than 275. The passages which call not merely for comment, but for whole treatises, more or less controversial, are almost as numerous. The task is impossible: the book is review proof. The man with enough faculty and knowledge for it—and he would be a rare bird indeed—would not have the space for it; and so there is an end of the matter as far as reviewing is concerned. One can only say again that here is a mind so splendidly efficient, and a character so gentle and noble, that the otherwise somewhat deplorable aspect of the Church of England is transfigured by the strange accident that their possessor is Dean of St. Paul's.

The explanation of this anomaly is that Dr. Inge is Dean Inge not by faith but literally by benefit of clergy. Both historically and actually The Church has always had to depend on its scholarship for the reverence of the laity. A great scholar has The Church at his mercy: it must have him at all costs; therefore, if he will only condescend to step into its fold and stay there, he may do what he likes, say what he likes, and be what he likes. To a soul with so fine a conscience as Dr. Inge's this freedom means much less than it would to the blunt and arrogant successful examinees who often carry off the trophies of scholarship without a scrap of genuine learning. But it accounts for the facts that Dr. Inge, being by open and reiterated confession a Platonist Quaker, is Dean of the Metropolitan steeplehouse (a domehouse as it happens) of the British Empire; that he steadfastly warns his Church that if it insists on its ministers really believing all the articles they have to subscribe on ordination, its pulpits will presently be occupied exclusively by fools, bigots, or liars; and that the only sort of mothers' meetings he treats with marked respect are Birth Control meetings. The ordinary plain parson, when he is not too much impressed by the Dean's dignity to dare look his activities squarely in the face, gasps, and whispers to himself "What will he say next? What will he do next? What will he be next? What would happen to me if I went on like that?"

Thus has the Dean's scholarship enabled him to be at once our greatest Churchman and our greatest Freethinker. But for that scholarship he has paid a heavy price: the old price paid by Wotan when he won the spear that governed the world at the cost of one of his eyes. For not even the Dean's wonderful mind has been able to resist that disastrously successful swindle which we call secondary education. I solemnly curse the inauspicious hour in which William Ralph Inge went to Eton, and the dark day on which he passed thence to Cambridge. Of Bell and Porson, Craven and Browne and Hare, whose prizes tempted him to pursue unnatural knowledge, I say "Let the day perish wherein they were born, and the night in which it was said 'There is a pedant child conceived!'" Why was he not inspired in his childhood to cry "Surely I would reason with the Almighty, and I desire to reason with God; but ye are forgers of lies: ye are all physicians of no value: oh that ye would together hold your peace! and it should be your wisdom"? Civilization is being visibly wrecked by educated men; and yet, with a hideous infatuation, we seek to cure ourselves by a hair of the dog that bit us, clamoring for more education instead of razing Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Oxford, Cambridge, and the rest of them to the ground, and sowing their sites with salt rather than with dragons' teeth.

I daresay many men who have learnt things for the corrupt purpose of passing examinations instead of in the natural pursuit of knowledge, have said to themselves,

especially when they were being carefully coached in the admittedly false answers they must give to satisfy obsolete examiners, that it would be easy to discard all that stuff when the examination was over, and the prize won. But God is not mocked so easily. I have never yet discussed with an academically educated man without finding his mind obstructed and deflected and let down by the *débris* and the unfilled excavations left by his academic course. Men like Bunyan, Blake, Dickens, differ from university men in the respective ignorances of the university training and the Sam Weller training; but they point the way to the light whilst the educated are stumbling through a dense fog of inculcated falsehood towards the pit. Bunyan fell in head foremost when he became an academic theologian: never in literature has there been such an aberration as that which led from the humanities of *The Pilgrim's Progress* to the grotesque figments of *The Holy War*. The true Fall of Man occurred when he lost his intellectual innocence by trying to pluck the apple of knowledge from the *upas* tree of the teaching profession.

When any subject of knowledge becomes what is called a teaching subject, it is taught, not that the student may know it, but that he may make his living by teaching it to somebody else who has the same object in view. After two generations it loses all touch with life; and the so-called learning and science of the professors becomes spuriously different from the learning and science of the practitioners. Yet we go on—but I have no patience. Readers of the Dean's outspoken essays must not be surprised when, finding themselves in a valley of diamonds glittering with gems of thought and wisdom, they are tripped up now and then by some battered old kettle or wisp of barbed wire lying about. These are part of the impediments of the university prizeman.

To drop metaphor, Dean Inge believes in the Wages Fund; accepts existing poverty as proof that the world has entered on the phase of Diminishing Returns and is over-populated; thinks that the Manchesterism which seeks to get as much as possible for as little as possible is a state of grace for the employer and of damnation for the ca'canny Trade Unionist; and believes that all clergymen who have sons are like his own father and not like Samuel Butler's father, and that the actual gentleman produced by our social system is the ideal gentleman.

In Dean Inge's case these inculcated delusions do not matter so directly, because he is not a politician. But consider the case of Mr. Asquith. He, too, has a mind which is a remarkable instrument, and a character which is proof against demagogery. Unfortunately, he was educated. At a moment when his whole career depended upon his having Karl Marx at his fingers' ends, and realizing that Malthus and Nassau Senior are as dead as Queen Anne, he entered on his Parliamentary career with a complete 1832 equipment, and an unshakeable conviction that only very ignorant persons are unaware that the last words in political economy were said by Bastiat and popularized by Cobden and Bright. That has made a considerable difference to the history of England during the last thirty years; and to Mr. Asquith himself it has resulted in his being unable either to withstand Joseph Chamberlain's abysmal ignorance of Free Trade, or to save himself from being elbowed off the front bench by the up-to-date economic knowledge of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Sidney Webb.

But there is something else entangling the footsteps of Dean Inge beside the obsolete special pleadings of the Devil's advocates of the Manchester School. There is the materialist pseudo-science of the second half of the nineteenth century, which still constitutes the "modern side" of our university education. And it is the oddest experience to find the real Inge, the Inge In Itself, smashing this heathenish nonsense with one contemptuous punch of his pen, and then suddenly relapsing into the Cambridge class room and assuring us that there is nothing for us to do but to wait as best we can until our extinction is completed by the cooling of the sun. For example:—

"Progressism takes the world of common experience as the real world, and then seeks to improve it by building upon this foundation an imaginary superstructure in the future: an unending upward movement, which science itself knows to be impossible. . . . The fate of every globe must be, sooner or later, to become cold and dead, like the moon."

Would anyone believe that only four pages before the latter sample of the science of lunacy occurs the following:—

"Even if those physicists are right who hold that the universe is running down like a clock, that belief postulates a moment in past time when the clock was wound up; and whatever power wound it up once, may presumably wind it up again?"

Precisely. Then away with melancholy; and leave we our university scientists to watch the cooling of the sun (which is not known with any genuine scientific certainty to be cooling at all, or even to be on fire) and to live like the hero of Poe's story of *The Pit and the Pendulum*, counting the seconds between them and extinction.

I will quote only one more of these stumbles over university science:—

"The development of life out of the inorganic is a fact, though it has not yet been produced experimentally."

The implication here, that nothing can be accepted as a fact until somebody has faked an imitation of it in a laboratory, is a rudiment, in the Darwinian sense, of the collegian Inge. Why did they not warn him that the last century is white with the dust of exploded theories of natural operations that have all been "produced experimentally"? The Baconian phase in which science was pursued by the method of put-up jobs had and has its uses; but as Dean Inge shews in the first half of the sentence I have quoted that he has found out its limitations, why did he finish with that quaint little gesture of homage to its most ridiculous pretension?

The centre of interest in the new book is, of course, the Dean's Confession of Faith; and here I am on holy ground, and feel a delicacy which does not inhibit me when I am jollying its author into emptying his academic economics and science into the dustbin. And yet it seems to me that here again there are different planes of thought: a traditional plane and an original plane: a plane which he would never have dreamt of if nobody had told him anything about it, and a plane which he would have reached if he had never read a book or seen a church in his life. There are, indeed, two different men in the case, a philosopher and a Dean; and one cannot but wonder what will happen if the two ever meet face to face. They need not; for experience shews us that though we are each at least half-a-dozen different persons, nothing is rarer than a meeting between any two of the six, much less a parliament of the lot. But the Platonist philosopher and the Dean sometimes come so close that I hold my breath. Listen:—

THE PHILOSOPHER: True faith is belief in the reality of absolute values.

THE DEAN: The Incarnation and the Cross are the central doctrines of Christianity.

THE PHILOSOPHER: Heaven and hell are not two places; they are the two ends of a ladder of values.

THE DEAN: It is impossible that God should not create, after His own image, any good thing which it is possible for Him to create.

THE PHILOSOPHER: There is no evidence for the theory that God is a merely moral Being; and what we observe of His laws and operations here indicates strongly that He is not.

The Dean is very hard on persons who, like myself, get over the problem of evil by the very simple assumption that the creative Energy, as yet neither omnipotent nor omniscient, but ever striving to become both, proceeds by the method of trial and error, and has still something to live for. He clings to the vision of an existing and accomplished Perfection; and I cannot laugh at him as I had to laugh at a lady of title who repudiated my fallible God on the ground that nothing but the best of everything was allowed in *her* house. Yet what am I to make of the following passages?—

"We are at liberty to cherish the inspiring thought that we are fellow workers with God in realizing His purpose in time. . . . But surely Christ came to earth to reveal to us, not that He was like God, but that God was like Him."

For me the Dean does not solve the problem of evil. Indeed he says that it cannot be entirely solved; but his contribution to its solution, which is, that "the eternal world must contain crushed evil, illustrating negatively the triumph of the positive values" seems to me the most desperate venture in official theology on record, quite hopeless as a reply to the multitude of people who are made atheists by the spectre of so much uncrushed evil in the temporal world.

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But I think the supreme heresy of Inge the philosopher against the Incarnation which he declares a central doctrine of Christianity is his repeated denunciation of anthropoplatry. I myself have never lost an opportunity of warning Man that he is not God's last word, and that if he will not do God's work God will make some more serviceable agent to supplant him. But hear the Dean of St. Paul's to the same effect:—

"It is an unproved assumption that the domination of the planet by our own species is a desirable thing, which must give satisfaction to its Creator. . . . There are many things in the world more divine than man: anthropoplatry is the enemy: true philosophy is theocentric."

This seems to me to be perfectly true; but then when God incarnated himself as Man, he was an anthropoplator; and the Roman Catholic Church, which Dr. Inge rightly denounces for its refusal to recognize that non-human creatures have rights as against the abuse and cruelty of Man, could put him in a polemical corner on this point.

But I am drifting into a polemic myself, which is the last thing I desire to do. I break off hastily, and take refuge in a few random quotations as samples to shew that every thoughtful person will find something of importance to him in this book:—

"It is only occasionally that I can pray with the spirit and pray with the understanding also: a very different thing from merely saying one's prayers."

"I have never understood why it should be considered derogatory to the Creator to suppose that He has a sense of humor."

"The ironies of history are on a colossal scale, and must, one is tempted to think, cause great amusement to a super-human spectator."

"Ancient civilizations were destroyed by imported barbarians: we breed our own."

"Roman Catholicism everywhere confronts modern civilization as an enemy; and that is precisely why it has so much more political power than Protestantism."

"The Churches have little influence; and if they had more they would not know what to do with it."

THE APOTHEOSIS OF BUTCHERY.

Sir Douglas Haig's Command, 1915-1918. By G. A. B. DEWAR, assisted by Lt.-Col. BORASTON. 2 vols. (Constable. 42s.)

VERY rarely do writers with some name to lose so completely take leave of discretion, and put their force so unreservedly to the purpose of sustaining what is at best a very doubtful thesis, as do Mr. Dewar and Col. Boraston in the above book. If they do, no doubt it is perfectly appropriate that they should make the essay in the name of wisdom and higher knowledge; and it is therefore natural to read that "the critics at home started at a signal disadvantage. They had never had time, if inclination, to study the elements of strategy, whilst military tactics were as the Basque language to them." This quotation from Mr. Dewar implies that this book is designed to meet a case. A wiser man would have realized that the case is more largely instinctive than scientific or deliberate; and he would have left it at that. But Mr. Dewar and Col. Boraston, Lord Haig's private secretary, are not the sort of men who let well alone; and their book has the rare merit of producing exactly the opposite conviction to that which they design on every issue they raise.

Most people have been hitherto content to allow Lord Haig the benefit of the doubt as to his military calibre in consideration of his obvious qualities, his sincerity, simplicity, and unpretentiousness. But if an attempt is to be made to represent him as a heaven-sent military genius, some scrutiny must be given to the grounds of his claim. It is, of course, possible to imagine an apologia which should expound Haig's genius without, at the same time, overwhelming the French command with contempt. This, again, is not the method of the authors. On two occasions Foch deferred to Haig's view, and this fact completely obsesses Mr. Dewar. He cannot leave it. Over and over again in the two volumes the matter is referred to, and Foch's plan is brushed aside as "crude." It was Haig's rôle to restore "science" to it. Haig's glory blazes out repeatedly through these pages for his superiority to Foch; and, as the book is designed to show that Haig's and not Foch's genius was most evident in the victory, it is necessary to examine this con-

tention. The first occasion was when Foch wished Haig to continue the exploitation of the victory of August 8th, 1918, and the latter preferred to strike in the direction of Bapaume, where he would secure the benefits of surprise. The second was Haig's suggestion that the Americans should strike towards Mézières, i.e., convergently, and not outwardly, i.e., divergently. But it must be obvious that as the plans which the authors condemn were dropped, there is no evidence that they would not have secured equal and even higher successes than the plans actually adopted. Intrinsically, they were certainly not "crude." All that can legitimately be said is that Haig's suggestion, when adopted, led to victory. Some people would inquire the cost. But a matter of that sort does not occur to the authors. It secured victory, and that is enough.

Foch, indeed, comes very well out of the matter. The same cannot be said of Nivelle in an earlier episode. Whether these graceless attacks on the French command are wise at this date is open to the gravest doubt. All that the authors have to say was known already, and the same can be said of their criticisms of the late Premier. There is nothing new here. The facts about the strength of the Army in 1918, and how Gough was sacrificed to Mr. Lloyd George's desire to win victories in other directions—these were also known. It may do no bad service to repeat them, though the over-emphasis, exaggeration, and constant repetition tend to rouse suspicion. But there are some statements as to the French, such as the remark about Debeney, which should not have left the subalterns' mess. They were appropriate there. In a serious book they are completely out of place.

But all these are side-dishes. The *pièce de résistance* is provided by the deliberate defence of the "wearing-out battle." As Col. Boraston says with a burst of painful candor: "There was no short cut to victory in the British military guide-book." On that test it is obvious that everything but attrition will find short shrift. Now, this talk of attrition is either a commonplace or it is the most mischievous rubbish ever sent forth as military doctrine; and the vitiating effect of any trifling with it is seen over and over again in the contribution of both authors. When Col. Boraston, attempting to find some gain from the appointment of Foch, without praising the Marshal, says, "His appointment guaranteed that, so far as the influence of one man could effect it, the future policy of the French Armies would be the same as that which Joffre had been converted to in 1916 and had been the deliberate, sustained, and unwavering policy of the British Armies ever since Sir Douglas Haig assumed command of them"—this is nonsense. The tactics which won the war were very different from those of 1916. Mangin's Battle of Soissons, in July, 1918, was not fought on the model of the Somme. Nor, indeed, was Rawlinson's battle a month later. And it is idle to persist in stating that these victories, which would have driven the nation wild with joy in 1916, depended on the work of the Somme and Passchendaele. Their conception was wholly different. They had replaced men as the spearhead of the attack by tanks; and to the end of the war positions which would earlier have seemed impregnable were swept over with little loss by these tactics.

But, of course, these tactics did not "wear out" so many of the Allied units. For there lies the dangerous question. A conceivable case might have been made for attrition if the method wore out the enemy and left the Allies intact. All through the long "glory" and "magnificence" and "wonderfulness" of the terrible attrition battles of the Somme and Passchendaele, the reader assumes that the authors hold this trump card up their sleeves. It is stated that Haig was glad that the Germans would accept battle on the Somme positions. He did not wish them to escape him. He was killing Germans. What is the reader's painful surprise to read that, although some Germans were certainly being killed—even influenza did that—less than one was killed for every two soldiers of the British Army? The British losses were 463,000 and the German 218,000. Col. Boraston attempts to explain these figures away by suggesting that, for some reason, the German figures, learned since the Armistice, cannot be correct. This is very natural; but it is unreasonable. And it is completely staggering that the authors should gaily pass from the Somme to Passchendaele with the same thesis glowing brighter than ever.

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In fairness, it must be admitted that the fighting of 1917 was largely conditioned by Nivelle's failure and its effects. But this merely applies to the necessity for continuing to engage the Germans and does not in any sense preclude the use of different methods. The Battle of Cambrai shows that there were different methods available even then; and Ludendorff, quoted with so much approval as to the pressure exercised by the Somme, bears witness to the shrewdness of this blow. It was planned "months" before, but only "sanctioned" by G.H.Q. Presumably Sir Douglas Haig preferred to "wear out" the Germans by drowning his troops at Passchendaele. There was not one-tenth of the reason for refusing to attack the Roche-Chauvines position in August, 1918, that existed for abandoning the Passchendaele battle; and the alternative lay to hand in the Cambrai model. But the authors hold Haig to be a genius for refusing Foch's suggestion, and do not see that the line of argumentation condemns Haig beyond redemption. Cambrai was a "short cut," and as such could only win a frigid sanction.

It is unfortunate that Lord Haig's name should be dragged into this controversy, for it is incredible he should be held responsible for so crude an apologia. "What should we think," writes Mr. Dewar, "if the French were to affect that the main credit of their defence at Verdun between February and July, 1916, should be attributed to British leadership? Yet that would not be a more grotesque travesty of truth than the fiction that in August, 1918, and onward, Haig depended on and succeeded through French skill or genius." From this may be gathered the calibre of the book. For, of course, the British had no responsibility for Verdun; but Foch can divest himself of the praise or blame for the British fighting little more than Haig himself, who, on the argumentation of Mr. Dewar and Colonel Boraston, was responsible only for all that was good in his subordinates' work. Unfortunately, at the end of this book, Haig presents a sadly shrunken figure, and for that he must thank the authors who have defended him not wisely but too well.

H. C. O'N.

FROM COMTE TO BERGSON.

Modern French Philosophy: a Study of the Development since Comte. By J. ALEXANDER GUNN, M.A., Ph.D., Fellow of the University of Liverpool. With a Foreword by HENRI BERGSON. (Fisher Unwin. 21s.)

IT is a disappointing fact that France, after initiating modern philosophy with Descartes, and continuing brilliantly with Pascal and Malebranche, became content, in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, to imitate what had been initiated elsewhere. The whole philosophical development of France in the years before the Revolution was an outcome of Locke and Newton; the idealism which has prevailed in the universities in recent decades is an importation from Germany. It is true that the dependence on foreign sources is less absolute in the nineteenth than in the eighteenth century; neither Comte nor Bergson can be fitted into any foreign framework. It must be said, however, that, even when they are original, French philosophers tend to be what James called "tender-minded," and what a less kindly person would call "soft." During the nineteenth century some of the most difficult logical thinking ever achieved by mankind took place, but none of this was French. Most was German, a little was Italian, a good deal was English. The French have a reputation for being "logical," but it is a quite undeserved reputation. Since the suppression of the Jansenists they have contributed nothing to logic, while the Germans and English have revolutionized the subject. It is probable that the suppression of Jansenism (and, in a lesser degree, of Protestantism) had a great deal to do with this decay of the logical faculty. The Jesuits encouraged sentimentalism, in thought as in art; when they acquired control of education they trained boys to arrive at opinions by feeling rather than thought, and this produced mental habits which survived in many who revolted against Catholic orthodoxy. Moreover, the Jesuits invented propaganda (in the sense in which it was understood by Governments during the war); this made both their disciples and their opponents view opinions from a party point of view, and accept *en bloc* opinions which hung

together politically, not logically. This, precisely, is what is meant when the French are said to be "logical"; and this, precisely, is what a logician would mean if he said they were "illogical." This combination of sentimentalism and party spirit has characterized French philosophy ever since the days of Madame de Maintenon, to whom, no doubt, it is largely due. It is true that Voltaire is an exception, but I do not think there is any other exception among the "philosophes," most of whom illustrate the intellectual damage done by a persecuting orthodoxy even to those who rebel against it.

Dr. Gunn is much more interested in the social and ethical side of philosophy than in the logical side; he conceives philosophy rather as a help to a good life and a good society than as the crown of the scientific pursuit of knowledge. This makes him sympathetic to the tendencies of modern French philosophy, and insensitive to its defects from a scientific point of view. There is very little in his book about the more technical sides of philosophy, even in those exceptional cases in which the French have done good work in this direction. This, however, will make his book all the more acceptable to the general reader. His work is careful and accurate, and full of enthusiasm for the movement he is describing—the movement away from materialism and determinism towards spiritualism and free will. Sometimes, though rarely, his style becomes trenchant, as in the description of the cult of Jeanne d'Arc:

"The clergy definitely encouraged this, with the definite object of enlisting sentiments of nationality and patriotism on the side of the Church. Ecclesiastical diplomacy at headquarters quickly realized the use which might be made of this patriotic figure whom, centuries before, the Church had thought fit to burn as a witch. . . . In 1908, after the break of Church and State, she was accorded the full status of a saint, and her statue, symbolic of patriotism militant, stands in most French churches as conspicuous often as that of the Virgin. . . . The cult of Jeanne d'Arc flourished particularly in 1914 on the sentiments of patriotism, militarism, and religiosity then current. . . . She is evidently a worthy goddess whose worship is worth while, for we are assured that it was through her beneficent efforts that the German Army retired from Paris in 1914 and again in 1918. . . . Meanwhile the celebrations of Napoleon's centenary (1921) give rise to the conjecture that he, too, will in time rank with Joan of Arc as a saint. His canonization would achieve absolutely that union of patriotic and religious sentimentalism to which the Church in France directs its activities."

Dr. Gunn adopts the somewhat unusual course of dealing with his material not by authors, but by subjects—science, freedom, progress, ethics, and religion. If philosophy were a co-operative and advancing body of knowledge this would certainly be the right plan. But as it consists (especially in France) mainly of successive fairy tales, which are severally believed by each author because they appeal to his tastes, the unity of the author's temperament is usually more important than unity of subject between different authors' treatment of the same topic. For this reason it seems doubtful whether Dr. Gunn's plan is a good one. The views of one author on the above five topics are intimately connected, whereas the views of successive authors are not built one upon the other, as the views of men of science would be. Apart from this somewhat doubtful question, however, it would be difficult to find anything to criticize in Dr. Gunn's work, given his very humanistic interpretation of philosophy. The philosophers concerned are perhaps not as important as he thinks, but every historian has a right to a high estimate of his period. And he certainly supplies material by which every reader will be enabled to come to his own conclusions.

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were no finer folk in the world than these fortunate English. But he thought it pitiful to see their terror of the future with its onsweping People: "You cannot exaggerate their fear"; while the spectacle of the huge servile class in our land made him sick at heart. Absolutely orthodox though Page was, in the English sense, on the war, he saw its origin in the pretentious folly of European diplomats and parasites, with "their kings and silly ceremonies." The English ignorance of America struck him with continual amaze. He could never get used to people asking him questions about Rockefeller, and he has one story revealing the impressive fact that Lord Robert Cecil, when Minister of Blockade, had not heard of the Boston Tea Party.

The second aspect of Page that is of especial interest to the English reader is the political faith that determined his attitude to Woodrow Wilson and his conception of the great rôle of the United States among the nations. Page was that most uncommon being, a Southerner with a world outlook and an overmastering belief in government as such and in the creative powers of the modern State. It was he who first marked Mr. Wilson for the Presidency, and brought Wilson and Colonel House together. When the electoral victory came, in 1912, he had a vision of a few enlightened Americans steering, not only the United States, but the world itself. He tried to capture Mr. Wilson for his policy of national reorganization, and especially for the essential task of remaking the rural economy of America. These letters show that Page was flying beyond the President; and yet when he started in London, during the year before the war, he worked in the strength of Wilson. He tried to make the Foreign Office understand the Wilson policy towards Mexico, and when the time came for him to announce the President's superb action in regard to the Panama tolls, he felt the joy of being in the greatest of all games. He writes to Colonel House:—

"Lord, Lord! the fun I've had, the holy joy I am having, in delivering elementary courses of instruction in democracy to the British Government!"

And again: "You don't know how easy it all is with our friend and leader in command"—although, as he frequently remarks, in Downing Street they won't believe in any motive save the material one for any policy. In the glow of hope and satisfaction produced by the Panama tolls repeal, he began writing to the President and to Colonel House about the Anglo-American future. Repeatedly he made the point that the English Government and people drew a sharp distinction between the American nation and the authorities in Washington. For the first there was great respect; for the second, ten years ago, nothing but scorn. The main reasons were that the State Department had no tradition of courtesy, and did not keep faith in matters of confidence. To Page the whole thing was simple. England, he told Mr. Wilson, is living on her capital, and it is in her capital alone that her vast power resides. Nothing could keep the United States from the leading place. The governing mind of Britain, he was sure, would never sacrifice American goodwill. Hence, the one essential question for Washington was:—

"What are we going to do with the leadership of the world presently when it falls into our hands? And how can we use the English for the highest uses of democracy?"

And in a dozen different ways he repeats his conclusion:—

"The English and the whole English world are ours, if we have the courtesy to take them—fleet and trade and all!"

Courtesy, courtesy alone, Page insisted, was the attribute needed by American statesmen; and whenever he was afire with the vision (he was a religious imperialist of an absolute kind) he would elaborate his scheme of a British-American world organization—for the ending of monarchy and feudalism; the inauguration of self-government among all civilized peoples at present unfree; the scientific extinction of hookworm and typhus and malaria; the protection of primitive races. His letters on this marvellous theme have a rather distressing sound when read in the shadow of the November elections, there and here.

It is, manifestly, in the light of his political sophistry that we have to consider the third aspect of the Ambassador—the one to which the reviewers of his Letters have for the most part confined their attention. Page's position in the war was of the simplest. For him the Allies were always and entirely right, the Germans diabolically wrong. He held, as an absolute dogma, that the United

States should have declared herself on the Allies' side when the "Lusitania" was sunk. Such a declaration, he was sure, would have brought a quick end of the war, without the employment of American military force. To Washington he sent cables and letters without end; but the "volume of silence" that he got was, as he said, oppressive. Mr. Wilson, in his lone struggle with the agonizing difficulty during 1916, quietly put Page out of his mind. The Letters, taken altogether, enable us to understand why he did so, and why he felt that he could not do other. Clearly it was for the Allies, a providential fact that the American Ambassador in London should have been Walter Page. An ambassador of a different kind could have made it impossible for America to be anything but neutral. Page maintained from the first that the President missed the meaning of the war; but it is undeniable that, after two or three years in England, the Ambassador was far from understanding the general mind of America, which made Mr. Wilson's problem. Moreover—and this is important—Page was by this time expounding a purely Northcliffian view of the war and its end. He had no contact with those elements in England that were laboring to save the peace, and it is significant that the Letters contain no reference to them.

A word should be said in conclusion as to the manner in which the Letters have been dealt with by the editor. Mr. Hendrick has merely followed Page, taking no account of the body of documents through which the realities of the war are now being revealed. In so doing he has done grave disservice to a man of fine mind and noble spirit who wrote with necessarily limited knowledge and under the strain of an intolerable experience. More than this: Mr. Hendrick, in his explanatory comment, repeats the Press assault upon Mr. Wilson for such things as the alleged insult to the Allies contained in the Peace Note of December, 1916. In practically every instance of this kind Mr. Hendrick is at fault; but it is peculiarly regrettable that the American editor of the Page Letters should at this late date be able to write in ignorance of the circumstances which, at the moment of Mr. Asquith's fall, were so unscrupulously manipulated to Mr. Wilson's detriment.

From the Publishers' Table.

THE art of verse for children is, if a minor one, an unusually puzzling one. Lady Strachey's "Nursery Lyrics," in a new and enlarged edition (Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d.), appear, to our limited means of judging, likely to succeed in several instances. But that public is notably sophisticated. Mr. James Guthrie's "The Wild Garden" (Selwyn & Blount. 2s.) contains pretty inconsequences offered to the same exacting audience.

* * * * *

A NEW edition of Sir Alexander Methuen's crowded anthology, "Shakespeare to Hardy: an Anthology of English Lyrics," has just been published. It is a good anthology and a cheap one, and it has gone through nine editions in less than a year. Evidently the love of poetry grows rather than diminishes.

* * * * *

RESEARCH in the details of Poe's life and writings is still active. A large and profusely illustrated volume, "Poe: a Study," was privately printed by an ardent student, Dr. J. W. Robertson, at San Francisco last year; and lately the New York Public Library produced in a handsome pamphlet "The Letters from George W. Eveleth to Edgar Allan Poe." These, the bold inquisitive letters of an admirer, have been well annotated by Mr. Thomas O. Mabbott.

* * * * *

MEANWHILE, Mr. J. H. Whitty, whose "Riverside" edition of the poems is in its third printing, has spent some years in preparing a new presentation of Poe's "Tales"; and, we hear, has also under consideration "an entirely new complete Poe."

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THERE is not much to say of this year's "Oxford Poetry" (Blackwell, 3s. 6d.), except that it is readable. Of inspiration, of new stars in our modern and not too splendid firmament, there is little evidence; of zealous and serious respect for poetry, and in some instances of eloquent phrase and rhythmical originality, there is more. It is a quiet and pleasant collection.

MR. BLACKWELL will publish before Christmas a book of essays entitled "Shepherds' Crowns" by Lady Grey of Fallodon.

REVISED and enlarged, the Catalogue of the Oxford University Press reappears. It is a publication which an Academy should crown. The new preface announces that the reprinting of the "Dictionary of National Biography" by the Press approaches completion, and a Supplement covering the years 1912-1921 is being actively prepared.

WE must congratulate the Curwen Press, Plaistow, on an example of its craft, which we have received in the form of a diary, the "Four Seasons," for 1923.

"MISCELLANEA Orientalia," lately published by Messrs. Sotheby, is one of those catalogues which will keep. The books recorded, in all 3,079, come in many cases from the libraries of the late Sir George Birdwood, Sir Richard Carnac Temple, and Henry Parker, author of "Village Folk-Tales of Ceylon." Once again we must express our admiration of the editor's notes. They are authoritative.

THE majority of Sir Walter Raleigh's books form Mr. Blackwell's 187th list; they are rather of the useful than the rare kind, and the scholar especially will be grateful to their collector. A first catalogue from Mr. Frank Bastian (76, Shooter's Hill Road, Blackheath) shows an individual and vigorous bibliophile at work.

selves of the duty of doing anything more in the matter on their own account. If any Government offers assistance to the Purcell Society, it is more likely to be the Government of Vienna or Berlin than that of Purcell's own country. In England we put our hope, if not our trust, in private benefactors.

There should certainly be more hope for the Purcell Society now than there was in 1876. Purcell is at last becoming popular: cheap collections of favorite songs and pieces are even on sale at railway bookstalls. We really are becoming a more musical nation. It is worth a Sunday paper's while to print a popular song every week, with pianoforte accompaniment and a Tonic Sol-Fa version of the voice part complete. Musical comedies advertise themselves by placarding a favorite tune in staff notation on hoardings and on the tops of 'buses. The presumption is that the average person can play the songs on the pianoforte, and can even read a tune from musical notation as he walks along the street. The Purcell Society is a grave and learned body of scholars, and they might perhaps consider it beneath their dignity to adorn 'buses and hoardings with the melodies of Purcell; but obviously it would be very much better for the public to be confronted with Purcell than with what they see at present. Perhaps some day we shall be offered a light opera with Purcell as hero—so little is known about his life that it would be quite easy to invent the necessary love-affairs—with music made up from his own works, as has already been done for Chopin and Offenbach. Before this comes to pass, the complete works of Purcell must be made accessible. It might be quite a good business proposition to finance the Purcell Society on the understanding that the financier was to have the sole comic-opera or cinema rights in the music.

There are other people who fervently desire to see music play a more important part in public ceremony. Purcell can show them the way. He was always ready with an Ode of Welcome on the return of the King and the Duke of York from Newmarket, and—

"From those serene and rapturous joys
A country life alone can give,
Exempt from tumult and from noise,
Where kings forget the troubles of their reigns,
And are almost as happy as their humble swains
By feeling that they live,"

in which the royal reappearance was celebrated with royally magnificent music. There are even in our day similar occasions for rejoicing, and Dr. Vaughan Williams, who edited these Odes for the Purcell Society, could doubtless prove himself no less worthy a welcomer of royalty than Purcell was of Charles II. and James II. There certainly should be no shortage of Georgian poets to provide words on the model quoted above.

A generation ago people thought of Purcell as a composer for the Church. To-day it is his secular music that makes the stronger appeal to us. The changes which have taken place in music during the last few years have given us a new point of view from which to regard Purcell. The older generation were struck mainly by his "quaintness," which very soon bored them in the concert-room, and in church made them feel decidedly uncomfortable. To modern musicians Purcell's unconventionalities is a definite attraction. They are perpetually fascinated by the originality of his ideas. In the most conventional movements Purcell is always certain to do something unexpected, something which at once stamps the music as his. He is an intensely individual composer. If there is any modern composer with whom he may fitly be compared, it is Grieg, though Purcell in his whole output is by far the greater and more comprehensive musician of the two. He resembles Grieg if we regard him not from a local and national standpoint, but from a historical and international one. Both men stand curiously apart from the rest of European music. Both have at a certain time been counted as of little value, mere local celebrities, writers of quaint and pretty trifles. We can see now that Grieg was one of the most original composers of the nineteenth century, and that a great deal of what we call "modern" music is derived from him. Purcell's influence hardly survived his own early death. In those days there was not that circula-

Music.

A NATIONAL DUTY.

THE Purcell Society is issuing an appeal for funds to help it to continue and complete the publication of the works of Henry Purcell. Since its first inception in 1876 it has published twenty-two volumes, and it has still some ten or twelve more to bring out before it can bring its labors to an end. Before the war, the Purcell Society was able to carry on its work partly on the basis of members' subscriptions, and partly owing to the generosity of Messrs. Novello & Co., who have borne the deficit. The present cost of printing and paper has made it impossible for this system to go on. The Society is therefore asking for a sum of about £3,000, and hopes that private donors may be forthcoming to provide it.

It is one of the many misfortunes attendant upon music in England that we have as a nation no sense of public duty towards it. In other countries Governments have often made large contributions towards the publication of important musical works. At meetings of musicians abroad I have often heard pious resolutions passed to the effect that the Conference requests the local Government to undertake various duties of a musical nature, and I have left those meetings with very sceptical feelings, not so much because there seemed very little chance of the local Government carrying the resolutions into effect, as because it seemed generally evident that the promoters of the meeting considered that in passing such resolutions they had absolved them-

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tion of printed music through all sorts of countries which the later nineteenth century was able to develop.

It is only during the last thirty years that English people have begun to be familiar with Purcell, and it is thanks to Mr. Barclay Squire and the Purcell Society that this familiarity with Purcell has come about. Now that Purcell is fairly familiar to us, we can see how aptly he fits in with the music of the present day. Musicians of the present day are revolting violently against the conventions of the nineteenth century, and even against those of the eighteenth, in spite of their professed devotion to Mozart, Rameau, and Bach. The reaction towards Mozart and Rameau is a revolt against the emotional conventions of the nineteenth century. The reaction towards Purcell is a revolt against the formal conventions of the eighteenth. Purcell in some ways should be more sympathetic to us of to-day than even the Elizabethan composers. The Elizabethans were bolder and less conventional than their Italian contemporaries: the new understanding of Elizabethan music which Dr. Fellowes has inaugurated has pricked the bubble of Palestrina's reputation, though it has done little damage to Orlando Lasso. But Matthew Locke and Henry Purcell show a far greater disregard of convention. They were both of them less fluent than their Italian and French contemporaries, but they are incomparably more original. Luigi Rossi is superior to Locke in that he is able to deal with larger and more complex problems of form; but he achieves that success by accepting a certain conventionality of detail. Alessandro Scarlatti shows exactly the same superiority over Purcell. The Italians are professionals, the English—as always—amateurs; and as amateurs they are by far the more interesting. Certainly all composers have much to learn from Rossi and Scarlatti; but they have still more to learn from Locke and Purcell at the present day, and English composers most of all ought to be able to learn those lessons.

Nor are those lessons for composers alone. All lovers of music have to readjust their point of view. They will do well to make Purcell the chief musical background of their minds. It is the easiest thing in the world to enjoy Purcell; one has only to listen to him. Even to foreigners, with all the prejudices of their own deep-rooted traditions, Purcell makes an instant appeal by reason of his vitality and charm. But we must know more of him than the attractive surface. The unsophisticated listener, as he becomes more and more familiar with Purcell, will subconsciously arrive at a certain understanding of his principles of composition, and those principles will enable him to grasp what many of the strange composers of the present day are seeking to express. Purcell, in fact, ought to hold the same place in the minds of all English music-lovers as Shakespeare does in the minds of lovers of poetry. I am quite well aware that in most cases the knowledge of Shakespeare does not really amount to more than a batch of familiar quotations and vague memories of a few plays read at school. But if people knew even that much of Purcell, they would be the more musical for it.

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THE world about which Mr. Ian Hay writes in his plays does not get any more like the real world. We find it hard to believe a word of "The Happy Ending." Incredible is its central figure, Dale Conway, *alias* Dennis Cradock. He is the scamp who evaded his wife and children in the confusion of a shipwreck, and was by her pride represented to the children as a Galahad who was drowned rescuing a baby. In fact, as he

cynically owns when he makes an unwelcome reappearance to menace the great family legend, he is a sensualist, a cheat, and a shirker. Take him as that, and certainly Mr. Ian Hay may be given the credit of drawing an amusing and picturesque rogue, a sub-Casanova, washed and brushed up for presentation to respectable audiences. But will this man be transformed into a real hero because he is shamed by his children into naïve faith in the legend of his nobility? To build a hero out of such rotten stuff as this is a stiffer process than Mr. Ian Hay seems to believe. Of course, if he had no power to throw some mantle of fascination over a bald and unconvincing thesis like this, his play would hardly have got as far as rehearsal. But if he has the defects of a sentimental writer, he has also the qualities. Unless the spectator is very ruthlessly determined to stand no nonsense from his own insurgent feelings, he will be touched by Mr. Ian Hay's characters, not because they are real, but because they represent, especially the younger ones, what in melting moods people wish their fellow-creatures would consent to be. It should be owned that Cradock's youngest daughter Molly, who drives home the *clou* of his conversion, is a wonderful and iridescent dream of "a man's woman"—pretty, gentle, romantic, and too much of a fool to find him out. She was very happily played by Miss Adèle Dixon, a young actress whose sympathetic simplicity proved just what was needed to give the response to Mr. Robert Loraine's breezy virility as the redeemable hero. The hagiological wife is a character of such small attractiveness that Miss Ethel Irving did well in making us even sorry for her.

If Mr. Ian Hay sees life through rose-tinted mists, Mr. C. K. Munro, the author of "The Rumor," produced by the Stage Society, sees it only too relentlessly as it is. Not that "The Rumor" is a piece of realism; it is satire, grimly and cruelly barbed. In a series of small scenes disconnected except for the central *motif* of the play, we are invited to see how a group of conscienceless financiers engineer a war. Once the adroit lie is propagated—or propagated, to use a more modern term—the natural passions and follies of *la bête humaine* do the rest. The peasants and workmen of Przimis and Loria fly at one another's throats; in the capitals of the greater Powers cupidity, panic, and imperialistic arrogance twirl the opportunists in office round like dancing puppets; the disasters of war and peace-making crash down upon the nations—and, as Mr. Kipling's Babu remarked, there you have the situation in all its *cui bono*. It may be that Mr. Munro's clear-sightedness reacts a little injuriously on his drama. The realities with which he deals are too poignant to be tossed into the air as the juggling-balls of mere irony. He may raise a laugh by announcing that Przimiprzak, the capital of one of his imaginary States, is pronounced "Shimishake," but these are not, after all, laughing matters. Indeed, the enjoyment of the audience was a trifle suggestive of Marie Antoinette's enjoyment of "Figaro."

The technique of this interesting work made it plain that the stage-mechanists must bestir themselves to make quicker and quicker changes of scene, now that the dramatists are asking to compete in mobility with the cinema. We needed to be "snapped" from the City to Downing Street, and from the London suburbs to the *cafés* of Przimiprzak. Failing that, the little bits of mosaic do not come together in a mental picture. Could we succeed in the simpler task of staging "The Rumor" we might pass on to a complete production of "The Dynasts." The performance of "The Rumor" was the occasion of much good acting by the members of a large and diversified cast. We may single out Mr. Edmond Breon, as the Hon. Algernon Moodie, the stirring young diplomatist whose imbecility does nothing to lessen his mischievousness; Mr. A. S. Homewood, as Mr. Lennard, the cannon king, a personage who gets a good deal the best of the argument when the politicians try to throw the blame of their incapacity on the armament trade; Mr. Edmund Willard as the nationalist fanatic of Loria; Mr. Harcourt Williams, as the English missionary who learns the danger of telling the truth about war-time

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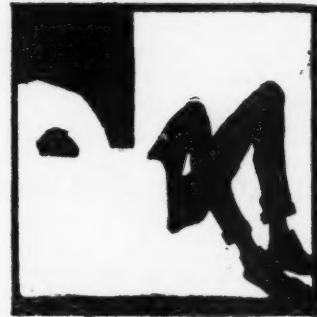
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D. L. M.

Forthcoming Meetings.

Sun. 10. South Place Ethical Society, 11 a.m.—"The Confession of a Liberal," Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe.
Indian Students' Union (Keppel Street, W.C.1), 5.—"Reflections on Indian Poetry," Mr. Ernest Rhys.

Mon. 11. University College, 5.30.—"The Evolution of London," Lecture III., Miss E. Jeffries Davis.
Royal Society of Arts, 8.—"Brown Coal and Lignites," Cantor Lecture III., Prof. W. A. Bone.

Tues. 12. Parents' National Educational Union (50, Westbourne Terrace, W.), 3.—"The Place of Play in Education," Dr. M. Jane Reaney.
Royal Asiatic Society, 4.30.—"The Malay Peninsula," Mr. C. Otto Blagden.
King's College, 5.15.—"John Wycliffe and Divine Dominion," Prof. F. J. C. Hearnshaw.
Imperial College of Science, 5.30.—"Fossils and What They Teach," Swiney Lecture I., Prof. T. J. Jehu.
King's College, 5.30.—"Fifteenth- and Sixteenth-Century Art: Summary," Prof. P. Dearmer.
Sociological Society, 8.15.—"Life in Bankrupt Vienna," Mr. H. W. Nevinson.

Wed. 13. Royal Institute of Public Health, 4.—"Sunlight and Childhood," Dr. C. W. Saleby.
King's College, 5.30.—"Eastern Influence on British History," Sir Denison Ross.
University College, 5.30.—"Illustration of Books," Lecture II., Mr. T. G. Hill.
University College, 6.15.—"The Foreign Exchanges," Newmarch Lecture VI., Mr. A. W. Flux.
Elizabethan Literary Society (King's College), 7.—"The Oldest of the Arts," Mr. Owen Burfield.
Royal Society of Arts, 8.—"The Fading of Museum Specimens," Sir Sidney F. Harmer.

Thurs. 14. Linnean Society, 5.—"The Capture of Jamaica in 1655," Miss Irene Wright.
British Academy (Royal Society's Rooms), 5.15.—"Campaigns in Palestine from Alexander the Great," Schweich Lecture I., Dr. I. Abrahams.
Imperial College of Science, 5.30.—"Fossils and What They Teach," Swiney Lecture II., Prof. T. J. Jehu.
University College, 5.30.—"Carducci," Prof. T. Okey.
Chemical Society (Institution of Mechanical Engineers), 8.—"The Metallurgical Applications of Physical Chemistry," Prof. Cecil H. Desch.

Fri. 15. Royal Society of Arts (Indian Section), 4.30.—"The Settlements of Criminal Tribes in India," Commissioner F. de L. Booth Tucker.
Imperial College of Science, 5.30.—"Fossils and What They Teach," Swiney Lecture III., Prof. T. J. Jehu.
King's College, 5.30.—"The Great War and the Collapse of Austria-Hungary," Prof. R. W. Seton-Watson.
Stationers' Hall, 6.30.—"The Training of the Craftsman," Mr. J. R. Riddell.

The Week's Books.

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader. Publishers named in parentheses are the London firms from whom books published in the country or abroad may be obtained.

NATURAL HISTORY.

*Coward (T. A.). *Bird Haunts and Nature Memories*. Il. Warne, 7/6.
*Palmer (Ray) and Westell (W. Percival). *Fests of the Garden and Orchard, Farm and Forest: a Practical Guide*. 132 il. H. J. Drane, Danegeld House, Farringdon St., E.C. 4, 25/-.

*Roberts (Charles G. D.). *Wisdom of the Wilderness*. Il. Dent, 6/-.

FINE ARTS.

Mackay (Haydn). *La Grande Ducasse Drolatique: an Apocrypha, treating of the Flesh, the World, and the Devil in Twelve Lithographs*. The Author, 10s. Drayton Gardens, S.W., 21/-.
*Meier-Graeß (Julius). *Vincent van Gogh: a Biographical Study*. Tr. by John Holroyd Reece. 2 vols. 102 pl. Medici Society, 63/-.
Simpson (Tom). *What I Saw in a Teacup: What It Suggested, and What I Made of It*. H. J. Drane, 3/6.
*Sparrow (Walter Shaw). *British Sporting Artists*; from Barlow to Herring. Foreword by Sir Theodore Cook. 103 il. Lane, 42/-.

LITERATURE.

Baillie (Major G.). *Lightning Sketches*. Selwyn & Blount, 7/6.
*Beresford (J. D.) and Hoppé (E. O.). *Taken from Life*. Pors. Collins, 10/6.
*Birrell (Augustine). *Collected Essays and Addresses, 1880-1920*. 3 vols. Dent, 31/-.

Calder (George), ed. *Togail na Tebe: the Thebaid of Statius*. The Irish Text, with Translation and Notes. Cambridge Univ. Press, 42/-.

Evershed (Arundel). *Shakespeare and our Bazaar: Quotations*. Victorian Press, 21, Upper St. N.1, 1/-.

Fallows (J. A.). *Realistic Aphorisms and Purple Patches*. Pioneer Press, 61, Farringdon St., E.C. 4, 5/-.

*Garvin (Mrs. J. L.). *As You See It*. Methuen, 6/-.

King (Richard). *Some Confessions of an Average Man*. Lane, 5/-.

*Loeb Classical Library. *Polybius*. Vols. I. and II. Tr. by W. R. Paton.—*Claudius*. Vols. I. and II. Tr. by Maurice Platnauer.—*Livy*. Vol. II. (Books III. and IV.). Tr. by B. O. Foster.—*Herodotus*. Vol. III. (Books V.-VII.). Tr. by A. D. Godley.—*Eschylus*. Vol. I. Tr. by Herbert Weir Smyth.—*Xenophon*. *Anabasis* (Books IV.—VII.), tr. by Carleton L. Brownson; and *Symposium and Apology*, tr. by O. J. Todd. Heinemann, 10/- each.

*Newbolt (Sir Henry), ed. *An English Anthology of Prose and Poetry (14th-19th Century): Part II. Notes and Indices*. Dent, 2/-.

Shuster (George N.). *The Catholic Spirit in Modern English Literature*. Macmillan, 9/-.

Wisconsin University. *Classical Studies. Series II*. By Members of the Department of Classics. Madison, Wis., The University, \$1.50.

FICTION.

Barcynski (Countess). *Ships Come Home*. Hurst & Blackett, 7/6.
Comstock (Harriet T.). *The Crossing Roads*. Hurst & Blackett, 7/6.
Eyles (M. Leonora). *Hidden Lives*. Heinemann, 7/6.
GARTH (Lesley). *Sixteen or So*. Pref. by Lady Peirce. Blackburn, J. Scott-Cowell, 5/-.

King-Hall (Lady). *What the Blounts Did*. Hutchinson, 7/6.
Le Queux (William). *The Gay Triangle*. Jarrold, 6/-.

*Lyas-Kov (Nicola). *The Sentry; and other Stories*. Tr. by A. E. Chamot. Introd. by Edward Garnett. Lane, 7/6.

MacLean (A.). *The Illusive Flame*. Hurst & Blackett, 7/6.

Rhodes (Kathlyn). *Desert Lovers*. Hutchinson, 7/6.

Shedd (Geo. C.). *The Iron Furrow*. R. Hayes, Rosebery House, Bream's Bldgs., E.C. 4, 3/6.

Siwertz (Sigrid). *Downstream*. Gyllyndale, 7/6.

Undset (Sigrid). *The Garland*. Gyllyndale, 7/6.

Vallinga (Gabrielle). *The Whispering City*. Hutchinson, 7/6.

Webb (F. A. M.). *The Curse of the Lion*. United Press, 12, Salisbury Sq., E.C. 4, 2/6.

GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES.

*Blunden (Edmund). *The Bonadventure*. Introd. by H. M. Tomlinson. Cobden-Sanderson, 6/-.

*Cherry-Garrard (Apsley). *The Worst Journey in the World: Antarctic, 1910-13*. 3 vols. Il. by the late Dr. E. A. Wilson. Constable, 63/-.

Crawford (Dan). *Back to the Long Grass: My Link with Livingstone*. Il. Hodder & Stoughton, 16/-.

**"Daily News" Key Atlas to a Reconstructed World: the New Frontiers. Prepared by W. and A. K. Johnston. "Daily News," 5/6.

*Harper (Charles G.). *On the Road in Holland*. Il. by the Author. Palmer, 15/-.

Japan. *The Hot Springs of Japan (and the principal Cold Springs), including Chosen, Taiwan, and South Manchuria*. 196 il. 15 maps (Official Series, Vol. A). Tokyo, Japanese Government Railways, 7yen.

Law (Dr. T. T.), Tsu (Prof. Y. Y.), and others. *China To-day through Chinese Eyes*. Student Christian Movement, 2/6.

Leoker (Samuel J.), ed. *Travel Old and New: a Selection from the Literature of Travel in Both Hemispheres*. O'Connor, 21/-.

Mais (S. P. B.). *Oh! To Be in England: a Book of the Open Air*. Grant Richards, 7/6.

*Phillips (Charles). *The New Poland*. Allen & Unwin, 12/6.

Taylor (E. G. R.). *The Business Man's Geography: a Compendium of Post-War Conditions in Respect of Overseas Produce and Overseas Markets*. 167 maps. Philip, 25/-.

*Tittino (Tommaso). *Modern Italy: its Intellectual, Cultural, and Financial Aspects*. Macmillan, 9/-.

Tweedie (Mrs. Aleo). *Mainly East*. Il. Hutchinson, 16/-.

Wilkinson (Marguerite). *The Dingbat of Arcady*. Melrose, 6/-.

Wood (Walter). *Fishing Boats and Barges from the Thames to Land's End*. With 20 woodcuts by C. A. Wilkinson. Lane, 12/6.

WAR.

*Dewar (George A. D.) and Boraston (Lieut.-Col. J. H.). *Sir Douglas Haig's Command, Dec. 19, 1915, to Nov. 11, 1918*. 2 vols. Maps. Constable, 42/-.

Jean-Bernard. *Histoire Générale et Anecdote de la Guerre de 1914*. Nos. 51 et 52. Paris, Berger-Levrault, 1fr. each.

REFERENCE BOOKS AND ANNUALS.

*Chambers's Encyclopedia. Ed. by David Patrick and William Geddie. New Ed. Vol. I. A—Beatty. Il. Chambers, 20/-.

"Daily Mail" Year-Book, 1923. Associated Newspapers, 1/-.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Advanced Auction Bridge. By Bascule. Il. Longmans, 7/6.

Barrie (Sir J. M.). *Dear Brutus: a Comedy in Three Acts*. Uniform Edition. Hodder & Stoughton, 5/-.

*Bottomley (Gordon). *Gruach; and Britain's Daughter*.—King Lear's Wife; The Crier by Night; The Riding to Lihend; Midsummer Eve; Laodice and Danaë. Constable, 7/6 each.

*Brereton (Austin). *A Literary History of the Adelphi and its Neighborhood*. Il. Fisher Unwin, 10/6.

*Butler (A. J.). *Amaranth and Asphodel: Poems from the Greek Anthology done into English Verse*. Enlarged Ed. Oxford, Blackwell, 10/6.

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Doyle (Sir A. Conan). *Tales of Long Ago*. Murray, 2/-.

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